THE LIVING AGE

MONTHLY EDITION

SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1925

CONTENTS

Around the World in December 1
A New Harness for the Wind. *An Old Discovery in a New Application*
DOCTOR J. H. HOELLING AND PROFESSOR OSWALD FLAMM 7
Political Programmes in Egypt. *As a Greek Resident Sees Them* . . . 10
Angora, City of Disenchantment. III . . . . . PAUL BERTHELET 13
The Murder of King Alexander and Queen Draga . . . . . H. W. 16
The Friendship of Wagner and Nietzsche
ELISABETH FÖRSTER-NIETZSCHE 19

Articles of the Month

How Great Speakers Prepare Their Speeches
AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN 22
The Coming German Competition . . ROBERT CROZIER LONG 37
The Landscape of Vergil . . . . . G. M. SARGEAUNT 44
The Stolen Camera. *A Story of Military Intelligence* . . . 'JABB' 51
The Ancestry of the Novel 60
A Page of Verse 65
Life, Letters, and the Arts 66
The Mongrel. *The Play of the Month* . . . . . HERMANN BAHR 70
The Book of the Month 77

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY
PUBLICATION OFFICE: RUMFORD BUILDING, CONCORD, N.H.
Editorial Office: 8 ARLINGTON STREET, BOSTON 17, MASS.

$5.00 a Year 15c a Copy

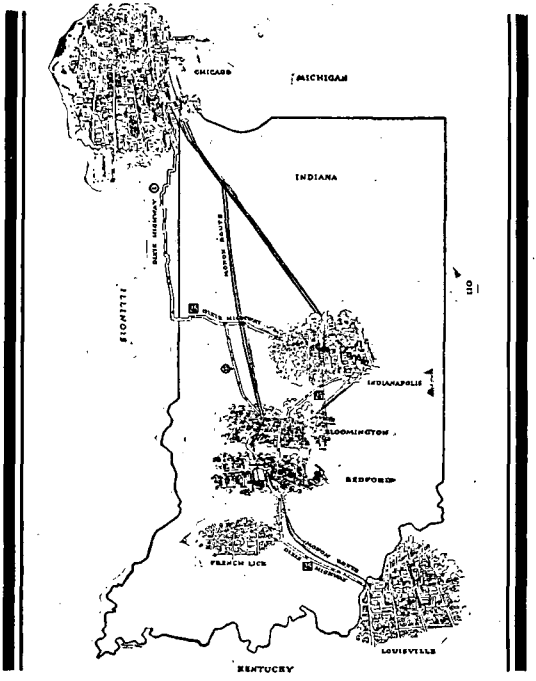
Entered as second-class mail matter at Concord, N.H.
Foreign Postage, $1.50; Canadian Postage, 60c

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BUILD THE NATION SECURELY WITH

INDIANA LIMESTONE

The NATION'S BUILDING STONE



An Invitation

Bright prospects mark the opening of the New Year. The business horizon is aglow, for fundamental conditions never were sounder. Building construction will continue in large volume. Steady growth of the nation makes this inevitable. Builders are anticipating their 1925 needs. During the next two months thousands will visit the famous Limestone district.

When the quarry pits are roaring, the Bedford-Bloomington countryside becomes a vast panorama of engineering skill. The scarred hills of natural stone are an irresistible fascination.

From French Lick Springs, the Land of Stone can be reached in a single hour. Motorists use the Dixie Highway for Bedford and Bloomington, which are midway between Indianapolis and Louisville. Every prospective builder should make this trip a part of his New Year schedule, for it combines business, education and pleasure.

INDIANA LIMESTONE QUARRYMEN'S ASSOCIATION
BEDFORD, INDIANA

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This Week

'How To Write Great Speeches — With Samples' would have been the title of Austen Chamberlain's opus if Ring Lardner had happened to be the editor of the *Living Age*. But under our present management we simply serve up without frills this treatment of a subject close to the hearts of all good Anglo-Saxons. Boundless faith in the infinite value of endless debate is the most fundamental of all British illusions, and when one compares the forensic methods of a Balfour with the stump-speeches of our own Senatorial Ciceros one is left wondering whether the days of the republic are numbered, or whether the art of Government and the art of Argument are not identical after all.

* * *

Hermann Bahr is such a good playright that he can get your sympathies all worked up over a peasant called Matthias Gunglbauer whose mongrel was shot by a forester. The bereaved man insists on an eye for an eye and a daughter for a dog, but all that comes of it is that the daughter gets a husband.

* * *

In the lucid prose of Herr Professor Oswald Flamm, the theory of the new rotor-ship is simply this: 'If we direct a current of air against a perpendicular cylinder rotating upon its longitudinal axis, pressure is produced upon that cylinder in a direction approximately at right angles to the direction of the current.' When this extraordinary theory is put into practice, it will sail a boat for you at terrific speed, provided the wind is very high and the sea perfectly calm. In fact it will do everything the old-fashioned sailboat would do except run before the wind.

* * *

The Greek Resident through whose eyes we contemplate the political programmes of Egypt suffers from a few national prejudices. He believes, for instance, that the nations over whom Turkey has exercised sway for the last four centuries are 'some of the most advanced peoples on the face of the earth.' In the hope, therefore, that the Egyptians may some day become as civilized as any fruit-dealer or rug merchant, he recommends fifty more years of British rule.

* * *

The book of this month is Wickham Steed's *Through Thirty Years*, in the course of which the former editor of the London *Times* tells how Wilson in his usual rôle of peacemaker barely averted a fist-fight between Clemenceau and Lloyd George. If the story were really true, there would be little doubt that the greatest tragedy of the entire Conference was made all the more poignant by the fact that an American was responsible for it.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AMONG OUR AUTHORS

THE points of view of nine nations, expressed in as many languages, are spread before American readers in the special monthly edition with which the *Living Age* opens the New Year. In our jaunt 'Around the World in December' all shades of opinion in all the countries now prominent in the news find utterance. The Turkish newspaper *Hevi* voices a brief but pointed opinion on the real inwardness of affairs at Angora. Mahatma Gandhi expresses himself tersely on the concessions he has had to make in India. Japan is vocal on the arrival of a new American Ambassador. England, Yugoslavia, France, Greece, Italy, Germany — half the world passes in review.

As for the longer articles, their authors range from a pair of German scientists and a Serbian writer, with one of those scratchy Balkan names, to the aloof and aristocratic heir to a great name who holds the responsible post of His Britannic Majesty's Minister of State for Foreign Affairs, and an Intelligence officer who, like so many faithful servants of the 'Secret Corps,' must remain unnamed for discretion's sake. His pen name, **'Jabb,'** by the way, is the technical term for an especially wicked way of handling the bayonet.

Dr. Oswald Flamm is a Professor of the *Theorie des Schiffes* in the Naval Architectural Division of the Berlin Technische Hochschule, and therefore, like his fellow scientist, **Professor Hoelling,** — who adds astronomy to his nautical interests, — discusses with authority the strange new invention whereby men may go down to the sea in ships electrically harnessed to the wind. Shades of the Yankee clippers!

The way to Angora is long and hard, — also hot and dirty, and by no means free from obstacles to which we may allude discreetly as entomological in origin, — but it was not too hard to discourage the pertinacious French traveler, **Paul Berthelet,** who has visited Mustapha Kemal's seat of government and brings back a fascinating personal account of what he saw and heard.

The murder of Queen Draga and King Alexander of Serbia in 1903 passed for a sensational political crime in the days when our century was still young and innocent. In the *Frankfurter Zeitung* **'H. W.'** summarizes the extraordinary revelations of the Yugoslav journalist, Dragiša Vasič, who has constructed a thriller from the confidential narratives of the conspirators.

Frau Elisabeth Förster-Nietzsche has devoted her literary career to spreading the fame of her philosophic brother. Her last book was *Friedrich Nietzsche's Briefe an Mutter und Schwester.*

The **Right Honorable Austen Chamberlain** is one of the many famous sons of famous fathers in British political history. The Foxes, the Pitts, and the Churchills offer no more distinguished examples of hereditary succession than do Joseph Chamberlain and his two sons. How appropriate, then, that his speeches should be among those whose preparation is described in this fascinating excursion through the workshops of Great Britain's political leaders. Not long ago Lord Birkenhead wrote of the son: —

> He has a warm heart, but it is by no means carried upon his sleeve. He is naturally urbane, but that urbanity hardly reaps the full value in contemporary esteem, for it is masked by some curious quality of *gêne.* In superficial *bonhomie* he is lacking, wherein he is unfortunate, for that currency is one with which great statesmen can easily finance large political business. A more frequent resort to the smokeroom, a more general revelation of his personal charm, would have helped him much. Of his single-mindedness and integrity nothing need be said (even by himself), for neither has ever been assailed.

For thirty years **Robert Crozier Long** has dealt as a journalist with world affairs.

G. M. Sargeaunt is an English student of the classics.

The mere enumeration of the works of **Hermann Bahr** — whose play, *The Mongrel,* opened at the Longacre Theatre, New York, a week or two ago, and who combines the talents of critic, novelist, and playwright — requires five inches of fine German type. Yet he is extraordinarily free from the heaviness supposedly characteristic of the learned German. *The Mongrel* is evidence enough of that.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 324 — *JANUARY 3, 1925* — NO. 4200

AROUND THE WORLD IN DECEMBER

DECEMBER opened with the British public, so far as the press is an index to its interests, absorbed chiefly in foreign questions, of which the chief was relations with Egypt. But the Geneva Protocol and relations with Russia were also to the fore. It takes a longer time and more cautious handling to mature a domestic policy than to make a demonstration abroad; and it is probably more difficult to secure united support for home legislation from a large majority not yet licked into shape than for a set-to with one's neighbors. But the Conservatives are intent upon home questions, and first of all, perhaps, upon the broad principle of general attitudes. This is suggested by the care the Conservative press took, as soon as the results of the Election were known, to explain that the Party's social policies would be progressive and not reactionary. Sir Geoffrey Butler, who has just been reëlected Conservative Member of Parliament from Cambridge University, writes in *New Cambridge* that the Party must use the opportunity of the present victory to broaden its direct contact with the masses. I should like to see four out of every seven people in every local organization representatives of the working classes. If we can get this, if we can get this broad basis for Conservatism, I believe we may be in power for twenty years, and permanently effect the destinies of our Country and Empire.

Great Britain has hardly strengthened her friendships or raised her moral prestige abroad by the early acts of the new Cabinet. Vigorous self-assertion is never a winning policy — at least in the sense of winning friends; and the present Cabinet's aggressiveness is emphasized by its contrast with the conciliatory internationalism of Ramsay MacDonald. The Pacifist and the Internationalist, no matter how much of a Radical he may be at home, is the true Conservative abroad — he would preserve the status quo, avoid crises, and steer clear of sudden changes and overturns; but the Conservative who defends things as they are in his own country is often a Radical in his relations with other Powers.

The French Ministry is busy trying to put the Government on a self-supporting basis. A foreign loan in

Copyright 1925, by the Living Age Co.
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the United States, a domestic loan which was oversubscribed, and the refunding of the huge floating debt, are three preliminary steps in this direction. Nothing radical has been done as yet in the way either of increasing revenues or diminishing expenditures. The conflict between the Government and the Catholic Church shows no sign of settlement. This issue is difficult for home-staying Americans to understand, because it harks back to ancient feuds and corresponds to differences of political doctrine and not of religious creeds.

Millerand now leads the Opposition. Poincaré has withdrawn somewhat from public affairs, partly because his consistent radicalism — in spite of his aggressive foreign policy while Premier — indisposes him to an alliance with the Clerical-Conservative Opposition. His sensational testimonial to M. Malvy, Caillaux's associate, during the debate in the Senate on the Amnesty Bill, still further commits him to his old Radical allegiances.

Alsace and Lorraine are gradually being brought under the Paris centralized administration, and losing the relative autonomy they enjoyed under the more decentralized Government of Germany. Just how their people view this change is uncertain. Of the twenty-four deputies they elected last May, twenty-one were supporters of the Bloc National; but this was a freakish outcome of the French Electoral Law, for the *Cartel des Gauches* polled the heavier popular vote. In any case, the Government has proceeded as if it had the endorsement of the provinces.

Other European versions of States Rights versus Central Government underlie much of the political agitation in Central and Eastern Europe. Chancellor Seipel's resignation was due ultimately to the fact that his Christian-Socialist and Pan-German supporters could not agree upon this question.

Czechoslovakia has been obliged to deal tenderly with a similar question, especially in Slovakia, and the two old provinces of Rumania have discovered with some alarm that an invasion of parliamentary delegates from Bessarabia, Transylvania, and the other new territories clamoring for local rights, threatens to swamp the old régime. Yugoslavia's present Election, like its predecessors since the war, will be fought mainly to decide whether the Croats and Slovenes are to govern themselves in a loose connection with Belgrade, or to come under a highly centralized régime as the old Serbs demand. An aspect of this agitation of more than local concern is the support given the secessionists by Moscow.

Present signs hardly indicate immediate change of government in either Spain or Italy, but the past weeks have witnessed a steady weakening in the prestige of both Mussolini and the Directory. In each country the existing government owes its security largely to the fact that its enemies have nothing to substitute for it, but Mussolini may give up the reins of government with no great delay.

The resignation of the Marx Cabinet and the indecisive endeavor to find a successor forecast a lukewarm continuance of Germany's present policies where more ardent support would have been desirable. Under Germany's Proportional Representation Law, which automatically adjusts the number of Reichstag members to the total ballots cast, the heavy polling, especially in the country districts, together with the swing from the extreme Right to the more moderate Right, has concentrated enough Conservatives under one banner to give them as much weight as they had with their relatively larger delegation in the preceding Reichstag.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Simultaneously the first glow of enthusiasm over the Dawes Plan has been followed by soberer second thoughts.

Professor Cassel writes in *Wirtschaftsdienst* damning the Dawes Plan with faint praise, on the ground that it evades, or relegates to the future, the solution of fundamental conflicts. But any plan adopted had to leave room for the continuance of the 'fantastic illusions' encouraged by the Versailles Peace Conference and its successors. Its merit lies in the fact that it provides machinery for bringing these illusions, little by little, face to face with reality.

The *Saturday Review* says: —

> Intelligent opinion seems generally to anticipate that it will work smoothly for three years, while the sums payable by Germany are limited to comparatively modest totals. Thereafter it is expected that the Transfer Committee will have a great deal of trouble in obtaining the necessary foreign exchange to render Germany's mark payments available for encashment by the creditor countries.

A Paris correspondent of the *Times* recently wrote, apropos of the efforts of the French to reach a good economic understanding with Germany: —

> French statesmen do not consider the Dawes Plan as the final settlement of the reparations question. . . . They accordingly consider that later, and especially when the annuity to be paid under the plan assumes large proportions, — that is, after the fourth year, — Germany will again raise the reparations issue. The French attitude then will depend on the arrangement which may be made meanwhile for a commercial agreement between the two countries advantageous to both of them.

Africa bristles with interrogation points for the Great Powers of Europe. France is alarmed because Spain has relinquished the thankless task of subduing the mountaineers of North Morocco, and fears that the Moors, heartened by their success there, will cherish troublesome thoughts of independence within the French sphere of influence. Great Britain fears lest French penetration into the No Man's Land left vacant by the Spaniards may eventually bring a dangerous naval rival to the south side of the Gibraltar Straits. Italy, who has a bone to pick with France in Tunis, has seized the opportunity to put forth her claim to be consulted in any Morocco settlement. *Le Figaro* argues that the rise of an independent Mohammedan kingdom in Northern Morocco would constitute 'a very serious change in the equilibrium of Islam,' and that the example of a successful resistance to a European Power like Spain will spread agitation throughout all Mohammedan countries.

British public opinion seems to have supported the Conservative Cabinet in the stern, prompt measures it took to secure satisfaction for the assassination of Sir Lee Stack. That event afforded an opportunity to clear up in a rough-and-ready way several ambiguities in its relations with Egypt. Sudan now definitely passes into Great Britain's hands. The *Daily Telegraph*, while admitting that the Egyptian issue had become international, justified the attitude of the Government and of the nation as follows: —

> We have frankly accepted the responsibility that is involved by our semi-mandate for Egypt, and we have no intention of shrinking from any sacrifice that it may entail. In the Old World Egypt is to-day in the position in which the State of Panama stands in the Western Hemisphere, and the fact cannot be too strongly emphasized. We are in Egypt in a position of responsibility similar to that which the United States occupies in Panama.

But there was vigorous opposition to this policy in Great Britain itself, and it received little endorsement on the Continent. The *Daily Herald*, like the German papers, found a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

striking analogy between the Egyptian assassination and the assassination at Serajevo ten years before.

This Labor organ drew facile parallels between the Government's way of dealing with Egypt in the present crisis and its handling of the Irish question during the forty years between the Phœnix Park assassinations and the concession of Irish independence.

The *New Statesman* said: —

It will be a bad day's work for this country, as well as for Egypt, if we listen to Die-hard incitements to get back to the rule of the sword.

The chorus of disapproval from the Continent was almost unanimous, barring a few Conservative papers that chortled over Great Britain's predicted refusal to submit the controversy to the League. Italy claimed that Britain's attitude completely justified her own action at Corfu. *Messagero* said: —

The British ultimatum and demands are much harder than the Italian demands on Greece after the murder of the Tellini Mission, when Italy was obliged temporarily to occupy Corfu. Then British politicians and newspapers asked that the British Fleet should be sent to Italian waters, but to-day nobody in England protests because the Government acts without appealing to the League of Nations.

France, of course, has never quite forgiven Great Britain for taking over the control of Egypt, or her own Government for failing to maintain its traditional claims to influence in that country. *Le Temps* said that while the British Government had an unquestionable right to exact moral and pecuniary reparations for the assassination of its representative, the British note to the Cairo Government indicated that the London Cabinet was intent on taking political advantage of the tragedy. *Le Figaro*, which is rather obsessed by the Islam peril, feared 'that a fire started in Egypt may spread to the whole Mohammedan world, even to India.'

The Conservative German press took a rather unsentimental attitude toward the question, referred to Egypt as one of England's corner stones of Empire upon which she must logically retain her hold, but expressed satisfaction that her 'hypocritical pretences of international virtue were shown to be so hollow when it came to an actual test.' The Liberal *Frankfurter Zeitung* was more sweeping in its criticism: —

The ultimatum now addressed to Egypt makes one feel that the English people, at any rate those of them who are Conservatives, have learned nothing whatever from the terrible lesson of the World War. The world is making every effort to secure the introduction of a condition in which right and justice prevail, but Great Britain's is the language of brute force.

The Turks naturally sympathized with the Egyptians. *Hevi*, the Kemalist organ in Constantinople, said: 'Egypt's independence has not yet dawned. She must first throw overboard her king, then hurl the English into the sea. She will not accomplish this by demonstrations. Before she can gain her independence she must learn to shed blood and die.'

But Egypt and Morocco do not exhaust the area of disturbance in Africa. Late in November M. Herriot held a conference at Paris to consider certain disquieting conditions in Tunis, where the Young Tunisian movement among the natives is taking definite shape, and with Communist encouragement — the Communists are said to be active in Egypt as well — is assuming the character of a national demand for independence. Commenting on this situation, *Journal des Débats* says: —

Two dangers threaten us there: the Bolshevist agitation supported by the Young Tunisians, who have studied in the West and are eager to make themselves conspicu-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ous, and an Italian propaganda which is working to abolish the French protectorate.

Le Temps comforts itself with the thought that this agitation is limited at present to the cities, and has not yet spread among the peasants and the nomads. It also notes that 'certain European elements, particularly the Italians,' are playing an important part in the prevailing discontent, though they may not encourage Communist manœuvres. *Le Matin* condemns the efforts that have been made by the trade-unions in France to organize the laborers in Tunis. It says: 'The workers there are Italians or natives, and the relatively small number of French are government officials, farmers, or merchants. We have but 50,000 Frenchmen to defend our interests against 120,000 Italians and 1,800,000 natives.'

Our articles on Angora afford a background for understanding the recent changes in Turkey. Ismet Pasha, Mustapha Kemal's Premier and Minister of Foreign Affairs, has resigned. This apparently eliminates the personality around whom much of the recent controversy has centred. Several of Mustapha Kemal's old commanders have resigned their commissions in order to take an active part in parliamentary duties, from which they were virtually excluded while in the service by being assigned to remote posts. This 'policy of removal' was ascribed to Ismet Pasha's desire to keep possible rivals out of the way. Another motive may have been Mustapha Kemal Pasha's wish to give New Turkey a civilian government and to prevent the country's falling under the control of a military oligarchy.

An All-Parties Conference at Bombay has patched up the differences that have hampered the independence movement in India. Gandhi seems to have surrendered completely to the Das Party, which favors the more aggressive policy. He says in his organ, *Young India:* 'I thank God that he gave me strength to surrender to the Swarajists all that it was possible for me to surrender, far more than I or many friends had expected.' In China floods, approaching winter, and physical and financial exhaustion have brought active military operations to a close, which incorrigible optimists hope will be made permanent during the respite. The Christian General Feng has been dropped, apparently by the consent of all parties. His defection from Wu was condemned, if we may believe the press dispatches, even by the party that profited by it.

The new Cabinet that has been set up under the Anfu leaders is reported to have the provisional support even of Wu himself. The Peking correspondent of the *Times* says: —

> The outlook on the whole is encouraging from the foreign point of view, for now there is some prospect of the unity out of which may arise a stable government with which foreign Powers can deal. It has to be recognized that the Japanese have a predominating influence in the new Government, and that Chang Tso-lin is closely associated with Japan. Japan at the same time is particularly interested in securing the restoration of normal conditions and the resumption of trade with China, which is so large a factor in her economic welfare.

Yet not all are agreed that Japan's influence in China has been fortified by Anfu ascendancy; some think Communist Russia is more likely to profit by that event.

The last journals from Japan indicate that public opinion in that country, leaving domestic problems aside, has shifted for the moment from China to fresher topics, like Great Britain's revival of the Singapore naval-base project. *Hochi* condemns this as 'contradictory to the principle and spirit

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the Washington Treaty,' and says it is noteworthy that a voice is being raised against it among the English-speaking nations. 'Mr. Coolidge, who has been reinstalled in the post of the Presidency, is now considering the convocation of a second international Disarmament Conference.'

Mr. Bancroft's selection as Ambassador to Japan in place of Mr. Woods, who retired when our immigration law was enacted, was received in Japan by a tepid press. Osaka *Mainichi*, which has a larger circulation, perhaps, than any American daily, took the occasion to say frankly: 'Nearly all Japanese are not friendly toward the Americans. Even if we try to think more kindly of them, we do not find ourselves able to do so.' Mr. Bancroft's professed friendliness to Japan is not a matter of supreme moment under such conditions, says this paper, for he cannot remove the present causes of misunderstanding between the two countries. 'We are confident that Mr. Bancroft will, like his predecessor, use his influence for the furtherance of our mutual good understanding, and also that he has accepted the post for such a purpose. In this sense, and in this sense alone, we extend our welcome to Mr. Bancroft.'

Kokumin, which does not take the situation quite so tragically, welcomes the Ambassador with this comment: —

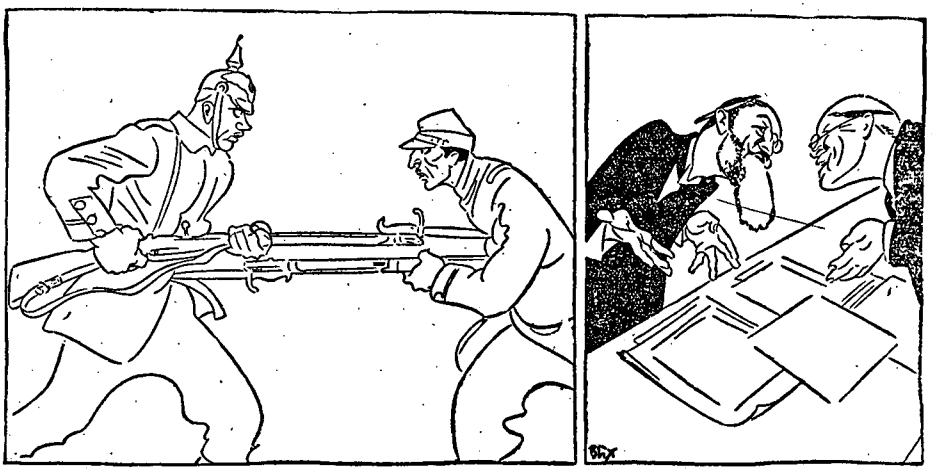
With regard to the immigration law containing the Japanese-exclusion clauses, the hot-tempered Japanese appear to have recovered their composure after their excitement, but this recovery of composure does not in any sense mean they have completely forgotten their humiliation. This humiliation has since become crystallized in the mind of the Japanese, not to be melted by any means. However, it is the duty of Mr. Bancroft to mitigate this bitter enmity.

This journal makes another point: —

It is evident to all persons that secret strife with the Pacific lying between the two nations is harmful to both of them. It is desired in this connection that Mr. Bancroft will consider how injurious it is for our mutual interest that the American Navy manœuvres are to be performed around the Hawaiian group, and that he will remonstrate with the American authorities concerned to forsake such a plan.

Recent conciliatory gestures on both sides of the Pacific have doubtless helped somewhat to mend matters.

FRANCE AND GERMANY



1914 — Blood and Iron

1924 — Iron and Coal

— *Göteborgs Handels och Sjöfarts Tidning*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A NEW HARNESS FOR THE WIND

BY DOCTOR J. H. HOELLING AND PROFESSOR OSWALD FLAMM

[We print below the substance of two articles upon the reported epoch-making application of the so-called 'Magnus Effect' to the propulsion of vessels. The first article is by Dr. J. H. Hoelling, and appeared in *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* of November 21. The second is by Dr. Oswald Flamm, Professor of Naval Architecture at the Technical University in Berlin, and was published in *Vossische Zeitung* of November 21.]

I

The universal astonishment that has greeted the new rotor-ship is due chiefly to its using wind-power, which all the world supposed was an antiquated source of energy. But the way the wind works in this new application is even more remarkable. The rotor-ship has no masts or sails, but instead two tall, thick, vertical cylinders, which can be rotated on their axes. These rotating cylinders make the wind turn the corner, so to speak.

This paradoxical effect of wind-pressure against a rotating cylinder was not discovered by Flettner, but has been known for a long time. It was first observed in 1852 by a famous physicist, Gustav Magnus, the predecessor of Helmholtz at Berlin University. Helmholtz, who was a pupil of Magnus, mentions this discovery in a memorial address upon his teacher as one of the latter's great legacies to science. Magnus, in addition to his University duties, taught in the Berlin Artillery and Military Engineering School. In this connection he became interested in certain apparently erratic deviations of projectiles from their normal course. [This will suggest base-ball curves to Americans. — Editor] The greatest mathematicians of his time had tried in vain to explain them. Magnus reached a brilliant solution of the problem so far as it applied to round shot, which were those commonly used in his time. It was while making these investigations that he chanced upon the phenomenon that Anton Flettner had the inspiration to apply to the propulsion of vessels.

The experiments that Magnus conducted and their results were practically forgotten except in so far as they continued to be noted in textbooks on ballastics. Indeed, so completely were they lost to the scientific world that in 1914 Professor Föttinger of the Danzig Institute of Technology rediscovered the principle during an independent investigation. Though he knew nothing of the work that his predecessor had already done sixty-five years before when he made these discoveries, he was able to give him due credit in 1917, when he announced their 'astonishing importance' to a meeting of the Society of Naval Architects.

The experiments that Magnus conducted are described in Poggendorff's *Annals of Physics* for the year 1853. They are easy to repeat, for the laboratory apparatus of those days was extremely primitive. By means of a top-string, Magnus set a vertical cylinder spinning rapidly in the direction in which the hands of a clock move as we look down upon its face from above.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He then directed a current of air against it from a hand bellows, so that the air current was considerably wider than the cylinder. Magnus wished to measure the air pressure against those portions of the cylinder which were farthest to the right and to the left, or, more accurately, to ascertain whether there was any difference in this pressure on the opposite sides of the cylinder.

In order to learn this, he suspended two small, sensitive weather-vanes on either side of the vertical cylinder. They were attached to light horizontal rods pointed in the direction of the air current, so that they could swing easily toward or away from the cylinder. When the cylinder was spun and a current of air directed against it, the vane on the right swung away from the cylinder and the vane on the left swung toward it. Since such movements are always from the point of higher to the point of lower pressure, this showed that the air pressure on the right side of the cylinder had increased, while the pressure on the left side of the cylinder had diminished. Magnus was able to demonstrate this by the still simpler device of placing lighted candles on both sides of the cylinder. The flame on the right bent away from it, while the flame on the left bent toward it.

Since this air pressure acted against the cylinder itself, it was obvious that it would have shifted the cylinder toward the left if the latter had not been kept in its position by the spindle on which it was revolved. This pressure Magnus proved to be sufficient to cause a rapidly rotating, round cannon-ball to diverge from its theoretically true course. He fastened the spindle of the cylinder to the arm of a merry-go-round, and directed a strong current of air against it from the centre of the merry-go-round itself. At once the merry-go-round began to move on account of the side pressure on the cylinder, and so long as the latter rotated rapidly and the current of air was steadily directed against it the merry-go-round kept in motion, often making a complete revolution in the opposite direction to the rotation of the cylinder.

Magnus at once saw the true interpretation of this striking phenomenon. It was that the swiftly moving cylinder drew the surrounding air with it, communicating to that also a rotary motion. On the right side the air current induced by the cylinder itself met head-on the air current directed against the cylinder. These colliding currents condensed the air sufficiently to raise the pressure at that point. On the left side of the cylinder, on the other hand, the current of air rotating with its surface moved in the same direction as the air current directed against it, so that the two wind velocities were added together and diminished the air pressure.

Of course, there are many complex factors in the phenomenon that cannot be elucidated here, and we must wait until the Aërodynamic Laboratory at Göttingen, where Flettner conducted his researches, publishes the results of its investigations before we can hope to be up to date on the subject.

It is easy to see how Magnus applied his interpretation of the phenomenon to the deviation of a cannon ball from its normal trajectory. If a projectile is set in rapid rotation by being fired from a gun, the 'artificial wind,' with which every range inspector has had an unpleasant experience, produces a pressure at right angles to the axis of rotation, which tends to divert the shot from its true direction.

II

This year's meeting of the Society of Naval Architects was notable for the presentation of several engineering papers of the first importance. Among

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

these the one presented by Anton Flettner upon the application of the principles of aërodynamics to wind-driven vessels has attracted wide attention among all classes of people. Very few men are able to picture to themselves how a ship can be propelled by the rotation of two perpendicular towers rising from her deck; and yet that is the case. We are dealing in this instance with a field of the physics of air currents, or aërodynamics, which has been only superficially explored, but where the application of known laws of air motion to the production of power is of direct practical interest to mankind.

The principle that Flettner employs is familiar. If we direct a current of air against a perpendicular cylinder rotating upon its longitudinal axis, pressure is produced against that cylinder in a direction approximately at right angles to the direction of the current. This principle has been investigated by studying the effect of the wind upon conical and cylindrical projectiles of large and small calibre that rotate upon their longer axis. Flettner's contribution consists in applying this known principle to the propulsion of ships.

Conceive a vessel carrying a perpendicular cylinder of light, smooth sheet-iron that can easily be rotated around the central mast supporting it. Assume now that a wind is blowing against this cylinder from the north, and the cylinder is rotated in the same direction as the hands of a watch — that is, toward the right, from the west to the north and from the north to the east. In such a case, the west side of the cylinder will be turning into the face of the north wind, and the east side will be turning with the wind — that is, running before it. There will then result a condensation of the air on the west side of the cylinder, and a rarefaction of the air on the east side, with the result that pressure is exerted against the west side of the cylinder and suction from the east side. Experiments show that the suction is much stronger than the pressure; they bear approximately the ratio of three to two to each other. Both forces, pressure and suction, are exerted in the same direction. They are added together, and their total effect upon the cylinder and the vessel is to propel them through the water from the west to the east.

Flettner puts two cylinders on a ship, one forward and the other aft, so as to manœuvre the vessel with facility. If the two cylinders are turned in the same direction and the wind is from the north, for example, both will propel the vessel toward the west, and the vessel can be steered toward any point on the west half of the compass, except nearly due north and south. But the Flettner ship can manœuvre more freely than an ordinary sailing vessel. For instance, the rate of rotation of the two cylinders need not be the same. When the forward cylinder is rotating faster than the aft cylinder, the pressure on the aft portion of the ship will be less; or the aft cylinder can be stopped entirely. The effect will be analagous to that in a sailing vessel with only her foresails set. By reversing the motion of the cylinders, of course, the opposite effect can be produced.

But the new device possesses another important advantage. By changing the direction of rotation of the cylinders the direction of the wind-pressure is instantly changed, and instead of propelling the vessel in a general westward direction, it at once propels her in an eastward direction. Or the two cylinders can be rotated in opposite directions, in which case the effect of the wind is to turn the vessel around upon its centre.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Furthermore, all these sailing manœuvres can be performed by one man, standing upon the ship's bridge and moving two electric levers, which control the motors that rotate the cylinders. In other words, one man can do in a moment what it takes a whole crew several minutes to accomplish on the best-managed sailing vessel.

During the trial trips of the Buckau, Flettner's experimental ship, at Kiel, on the twelfth of last November, all these operations were repeatedly performed with perfect success. The only thing that Flettner's boat cannot do that a sailing vessel can do is to run directly before the wind. The rotor-ship can only approximate such a course.

Naturally there are still some problems to be solved. One of these is the conduct of such a vessel in very heavy weather. This is to be tested at the first opportunity. Still other problems of economical operation, the ratio of cylinder surface to tonnage, and various details of construction and technique, also call for more investigation than they have at present received. Several of these questions it is hoped to answer when the new ten-thousand-ton rotor-ship, which is to be built immediately, is placed in service.

POLITICAL PROGRAMMES IN EGYPT

AS A GREEK RESIDENT SEES THEM

From *Eleftheron Vima, October* 18
(Athens Moderate-Liberal Daily)

[We print the following as a typical expression of the attitude of Egyptian residents of European birth or ancestry, of whom there are several hundred thousand in that country, toward the present agitation for complete independence.]

The Egyptian Nationalists are divided into two distinct camps. In the first you find the more patriotic and at the same time the less antiforeign elements; in the second you meet the more antiforeign and, curiously enough, less patriotic groups. Zaghlul Pasha is the leader of the former faction; Omar Toushoun Pasha stands at the head of the latter.

Zaghlul Pasha insists that the Egyptians are no Turks, and he is absolutely right, because his point is definitely proved. Omar Toushoun, on the contrary, looks back longingly to the time when Egypt was a 'Privileged Province of the Sultan.' Zaghlul is a fellah, therefore a son of the Nile; but Toushoun is a prince, and therefore a son of European Turkey.

Both of these leaders demand the evacuation of Egypt by the British forces; but whereas Zaghlul asserts that British domination has given Egypt all the benefits it can possibly give, and that the country is now ripe for self-government, Toushoun thinks that the British have taken all they can from Egypt, and that therefore they should cease exploiting it.

Toushoun often falls into amazing contradictions. On the one hand he

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was an ardent and consistent admirer of the Turks in the days of the Sultan Abdul Hamid, and afterward during the rule of Enver Pasha and Mustapha Kemal. He has always denied that the Christian natives of Turkey, such as the Greeks and Armenians, can rightfully abolish Turkish sovereignty, notwithstanding the fact that the Turks owe their title to the country to the sword, and notwithstanding the further fact that during four long centuries of their rule they have reduced the Christian empire that they conquered to ruins and desolation, and have debased to a condition approaching barbarism some of the most advanced peoples on the face of the earth. When, however, it comes to Egypt, this same Toushoun Pasha claims that the Egyptians have the right to expel the British, who were forced to take possession of the country by the notorious incompetence of the Egyptian rulers, and who have since done wonders to promote and develop a formerly degraded people. He forgets, of course, that the British established law and order throughout Egypt, and constructed the extensive public works that have made the country so progressive and so prosperous under their rule.

Toushoun Pasha also forgets that he himself is not a Turk, but an Albanian Moslem, and therefore a descendant of Christians who were forcibly converted to Mohammedanism. He also forgets that his ancestors Mohammed Ali and Ibrahim defeated the Turks in more than one battle, and that Ismail, another of his forefathers, resisted the Turks by diplomacy. He also overlooks the facts that both Albania, the land of his origin, and Egypt, the land of his birth, passed their darkest days under the yoke of the Turks. Toushoun Pasha falls into these contradictions because he is a Pan-Islamist first and an Egyptian patriot afterward. Had the Turks and Germans won the Great War, Toushoun would have applauded them without stopping to think that the first act of the victorious Turk would have been to annex Egypt to Turkey. Zaghlul, on the other hand, would have started a revolution in order to expel the invaders and leave Egypt to the Egyptians.

Abbas Hilmi — the former Khedive — and Toushoun not only never became Egyptians at heart, but they also unwittingly fought against the great work of Mohammed Ali and of Ismail Pasha, who sought to make Egypt self-dependent and autonomous. Hussein Kamel, and the present king, Fuad I, are the real heirs and successors to the traditions of the great liberators who created the new Egypt.

Great Britain, having to face the resolute and bold policy of Zaghlul Pasha, and the diplomatic skill of Fuad, will be forced to give in at the end, at least as regards many of her demands.

The Nationalist movement of Egypt did not originate with either Zaghlul or Toushoun. Its founder was the lamented Mustapha Kamel Pasha (not to be confused with the Turk general Mustapha Kemal), who for years demanded the emancipation of Egypt, through the British. That truly great man had a very clear conception of realities. He died from overwork while he was still young, but what has occurred since completely vindicates his views. He wished to raise the mental level of the masses through public schools and popular education, instead of catering to a limited class of privileged *effendis* — country gentlemen. He aimed gradually to change the British occupation into Anglo-Egyptian coöperation.

What the present Nationalists want is to see the last British soldier leave Egypt and the Sudan. Theoretically this is a noble ambition, but in a prac-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tical way it is pregnant with danger for Egypt. Supposing this had been done before the war, where would Egypt be to-day? Her geographical situation, as has been conclusively demonstrated through the centuries, has always exposed her to easy conquest by foreign invaders. Hyksos, Darius, Alexander, Octavius, Amru, the Khalifs of Bagdad and Damascus, Sultan Selim of Turkey, Napoleon Bonaparte, Mohammed Ali, and finally the British, form the long succession of her conquerors. All of which goes to show that the day after the last British soldier leaves the land Egypt will have to create for herself a strong army and a strong navy, at an enormous expense, which will hopelessly cripple her finances. The Anglo-Italian controversy over the harbor of Sollum, on the Mediterranean border between Egypt and Tripoli, is a foretaste of what is in store for her should she lose British protection. Egypt in her quarrel with Italy should not forget what happened to Greece at Corfu. Then there is another question. Could Egypt hold the Sudan? The claim of some Nationalists that the Sudanese are Egyptian patriots is a childish myth, devoid of racial or anthropological foundation. The first great falls of the Upper Nile divide two entirely different peoples, who have never coöperated at any time in their history.

Is Egypt in a position to defend her conventional boundary toward Palestine? Her troubles with King Hussein of the Hejaz are too recent to permit illusions on that score.

For all these reasons we firmly believe that Egypt should return to the programme of the late Mustapha Kamel Pasha. The prosperity of both individuals and peoples to-day depends on their financial strength, and this in turn necessitates undisturbed peace. Without British direction and without British aid, Egypt will be unhappy to-day and for many years to come. Let the Egyptians hear this bitter truth from a man who loves their country as much as he does his native land, and who witnesses to-day with grief the misfortunes of his own Greece.

The Egyptians have made astonishing progress in the last fifty years. This is due partly to the British administration and partly to their own racial intelligence and ability. We admire this progress, but not enough to blind us to what they owe to British assistance.

But more than foreign dangers threaten Egypt to-day. The Pan-Islamic propaganda of Abdul Hamid has deeply poisoned the minds of most of the educated classes as well as the masses. Abbas Hilmi and Sheik Ali Yousseff of the 'Moyad' faction, and the Sheiks Shaouis, Farid, and others, have thereby done great harm to the Egyptian cause. To-day the only guaranty, and the only strong factor, that can soften the extremist tendencies of the bitter-enders is King Fuad. He cannot live forever. What will happen afterward?

These practical and honest considerations of the Egyptian problem lie behind the programme of a small but well-organized party, made up of high-class elements, under the leadership of Adly Pasha. This party aims to proceed in a moderate but firm, though gradual, manner to the same goal that extreme Nationalists want to reach in a jump, without having any clear programme for to-morrow.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ANGORA, CITY OF DISENCHANTMENT. III

BY PAUL BERTHELET

From *Écho de Paris, November* 30
(Clerical Daily)

[Since this article was written, Ismet Pasha's Cabinet has been overthrown, and his opponents have taken over the Government, apparently without affecting the status of Mustapha Kemal Pasha.]

Marshal Ismet Pasha, Premier and Minister of Foreign Affairs, denied that an organized opposition existed in his country. 'There may be discontented people,' he told me, 'but there is no such thing as an opposition.'

I met personally some of these 'discontented people' at a little house near Buyuk-Esset, some distance from Angora. This house had nothing to distinguish it from its neighbors. It was low, gray, ugly, with narrow, grated windows. Immediately upon entering, I found what I expected — a dark passage which should properly have led to an uninteresting reception-hall, furnished with the universal broken-legged divans.

Imagine my surprise, therefore, upon reaching the end of the corridor to find that the door opened on a large courtyard filled with trees and surrounded with rambler roses. In the centre was a fountain, where a tiny jet of water played with a scarcely audible plash in a red-marble basin, which overflowed directly into the thirsty soil. The sun was already high in the cloudless heavens, and beat relentlessly upon the little fountain and the flagstones surrounding it. But a border of mulberry trees cast a broad ribbon of shade around the edge of the courtyard, and covered the ground with fragrant fruit that looked like big white pearls.

A family of storks had elected to make its home on the roof of the building, and its members kept fluttering back and forth between their nest and the fountain. The flapping of their wings was the only sound that broke the silence. Indeed, the courtyard seemed to me a perfect retreat for a man seeking seclusion where he might indulge in melancholy reveries.

But the men I found there, whose names would make a muster-roll of the history of New Turkey, were wasting no time in vain meditation. They had neither the taste nor the leisure for that indulgence. Their spokesman — and he was practically the only one who said anything — was a robust young giant, brimful of enthusiasm. Every gesture he made and every word he spoke breathed energy and vigor. He looked me straight in the eye; his warm, sonorous voice, accustomed to command, shot out the syllables like bullets.

I saw instantly that here was a man who knew what he wanted and what he was risking to get it. He plunged into the subject at hand without wasting breath on preliminaries: —

'The new Government is an autocracy, or, considered as a survival, something still worse — an aggravation of the Sultanate. It is an insult to call

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it by the lying term "republic." If this Government had any ambition to be a democracy, as our Constitution professes, it should prove this by its acts.

'Behind a screen of misleading proclamations and false words the present Government is a two-headed autocracy. Its two heads, Mustapha Kemal and Ismet Pasha, symbolizing respectively force and intellect, are covered by the same kalpak. Influenced by Ismet Pasha, a sick man whose fever-dreams and pathological nervous restlessness have become more than disquieting, the Ghazi has thrown his sabre into the scales of Government, and by this brutal gesture has shattered the scalepan that contained the liberties of Turkey.

'The press is muzzled. Freedom of speech and freedom of assembly no longer exist. Independent opinion is suppressed, religion is persecuted. We are forbidden to talk, to write, to believe, to think. The army is no longer the servant of the nation, but of a clique. The greedy scum that fills the public offices is intent solely on filling its pockets; it has elevated baksheesh to a State institution.

'The National Assembly is just what Mustapha Kemal wished to make it. Its sole function is to give an appearance of legality to the decrees of the dictators.

'Most of the deputies were not elected by the people, but were appointed by Mustapha Kemal and Ismet Pasha, who are thus assured of a permanent majority. None the less, there is a minority. The men in control did not dare to reject offhand the election returns that sent to Parliament certain leaders of the opposition. The task of this minority, which grows stronger daily, is difficult. Deputies who protest against the commands issued to the Assembly by our dictators run the risk of expulsion from that body, imprisonment, and exile. Or else, in order to avoid scandal, they are advised, when an important bill is on the programme, to take a few days' vacation at Constantinople.

'We are forbidden under penalty of death to propose any modification of the present form of government or in the status of the Caliphate. Now, the Turkish people have never been permitted to express their will on these two questions. A little group of men decided those two matters for the nation, in the way that served best their own personal interests.

'Yet the Kemalists presume to talk of liberty. They assert that their Government is the most democratic in the world — a true government of the people and for the people. What a ridiculous farce!'

A stork alighted on the ground beside us, and stretched its neck toward the table, where liqueurs and the conventional *hors d'œuvre* — olives and dried fish — were served. The speaker waved it away with a gentle gesture, and resumed: —

'Mustapha Kemal has never been anything but a symbol, a flag. We ourselves were what made his strength. Intoxicated with the glory that we gave him, misguided by a few ambitious men who derive their power from his own, and dazzled by the visions that Ismet Pasha has dangled before him, he seeks to monopolize the fruits of a victory which we all won together. His purpose in forcing us to proclaim a republic was to make himself sole master of Turkey. He hoped also to retain the Presidency of the National Assembly.

'Jealous of the laurels of Raouf Bey, who organized our victory, he sought to replace him in charge of national defense. He planned also to take over personally the Foreign Office. Only

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fethi Bey's good sense prevented that absurdity.

'I don't deny that Mustapha Kemal has rendered our country great services. But men like Raouf Pasha, Ali Fuad Pasha, Adnan Bey, Bekir Sami Bey, Kiasim Kara Bekir Pasha, and still others, all of whom are now in the opposition, have done as much or even more for Turkey than the Dictator himself. They were the real initiators and the firmest supporters of the movement for national independence; yet to-day they are spied upon, isolated, and, did conditions allow, would be exiled, as England exiled them long ago to Malta. Why? Because they insist on warning the people of the mortal dangers which the folly of our present rulers calls down upon us — because they dare to expose the secret designs of our momentary masters.

'But even these masters hesitate to strike at men like these. They are men who have numerous friends. Mustapha Kemal hesitates. He is afraid — yes, afraid. He does n't dare go about unattended, as he formerly did, in the streets of Angora. His residence, at some distance from the town, is guarded by a cordon of sentinels and by blockhouses armed with machine-guns.

'So great is his fear of assassination that he has not visited Constantinople a single time since he has been in power. Notwithstanding that, he is burning with eagerness to take up his residence in one of the old imperial palaces, where preparations were actually made a few months ago to receive him. But he knows that it is only a step from the Yldiz Palace to Malta-Kiesk prison, and that the Bosporus is near. That alone keeps him at Angora.'

At a gesture from one of his friends the leader abruptly stopped, and with an embarrassed smile said apologetically: 'Pardon me, I have completely forgotten that breakfast is served. Let us go to the dining-room. I have more to say after dessert.'

I was conducted to a little darkened room where a frugal repast awaited us. My warrior host showed a touch of that tenderness we often find in rough-and-ready men when he held me back a moment near the fountain in order that we might not disturb the storks, who were eating some crumbs of bread that had been scattered for them on the flagstones.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE MURDER OF KING ALEXANDER AND QUEEN DRAGA

BY H. W.

From *Frankfurter Zeitung, November* 13
(Liberal Daily)

In the September number of *Književna Republika* the Serbian journalist Dragiša Vasič publishes a vivid history of the conspiracy through which the Obrenovič dynasty was driven out of Serbia, describing in detail events on the night of the assassination in which King Alexander and Queen Draga lost their lives. Not only does his account represent the first really trustworthy story of the bloody events of 1903, showing the important part in the events of that dreadful June night played by Dragutin Dimitrijevič, or 'Apis' — who to-day is regarded by many as the chief organizer of the Serajevo affair; but it gives us an account based on word-of-mouth sources as well as mere documents, for part of what the author writes is derived from the stories of the conspirators themselves.

The night of the tenth of June 1903 was chosen for the assassination, but since half Belgrade — the highly suspicious police not least — either knew or suspected that something was in the wind, and since spies dogged the heels of all suspects, the conspirators' chief concern was to meet without attracting attention. Long before midnight all their groups had gathered in various restaurants where everyone could see them. In order to put to sleep the suspicions of the spies, the young officers drank a great deal, singing lustily and laughing loudly, although the thought of what was to come forced its way through the cloud of noisy joviality. No one noticed that Lieutenant Milutin Lazarevič of the Engineer Corps was wearing a cloak on that warm summer evening, or saw how, almost fiercely, he waved aside the waiter who wanted to help him take it off. His pockets were stuffed full of dynamite.

Toward one o'clock — for the benefit of the spies who still hung about — all the groups made their way toward the Officers' Club, where they carried the comedy still further. Some fell into a heated discussion over Shakespeare, others feigned to be in advanced stages of intoxication. The music of the Serbian folk-songs rang out, and when an officer who was not in the secret expressed a wish to go to Queen Draga's dance a couple of the conspirators danced for him with an easy unconcern and a humor that seemed a dreadful thing to those who knew the secret of the night.

When the outsiders had left the Club one by one, Dragutin Dimitrijevič and Antonije Antič, going about from group to group among the leaders, whispered that everything was as it should be. The concert at the Court was over, the individuals who were selected to call out the troops were on their way to the barracks, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Alexander Mašin — retired colonel of the General Staff and a relative of the Queen by her first marriage — was ready to take over command of the garrison; while others prepared to seize the postal and telegraph stations, the city administration, the dwellings of the ministers, and the local military command. Dimitrijevič formed his conspirators into five groups, each with a special task. Quarter of two struck, and Dimitrijevič's clear voice rang out: 'Forward, gentlemen!'

Talk, singing, and laughter. There was a fanatical oath that if they failed none would betray the others; that if they succeeded, none would seek reward; and then the officers burst out into the open air, where, confident that for this night at least the dynasty was safe, the agents had disappeared. Only the city street-cleaners were left, stirring up clouds of dust.

The fact that one of the lieutenants suddenly blurted out that his nerve was failing, and withdrew, scarcely attracted attention, for the failure of one of the battalions of the Sixth Regiment, which should have been on hand at this hour, was already causing alarm and confusion. Captain Ljuba Kostič, coming up with a squadron of the Royal Guard, called to Dimitrijevič in despair: 'Apis, Apis, you have ruined me!'

But there was a glimmer of torchlight. With a quick stride Apis put himself at the head of the troops, and in a few moments was at the first iron door of the castle with the swiftest of the officers. As they threw their weight against the iron bars, the blackbirds, frightened by the noise, flew up from the tall chestnut trees standing on each side of the street. Their cries and the beating of their wings alarmed the guard, but already from inside the palace Lieutenant Zivkovič of the Guard, who was in the secret, came running up to open the gate with a shaking hand. Dimitrijevič and his followers burst in, and after two soldiers on guard had opened a glass door without resistance to their officer, they all went hurrying, revolvers in hand, to the officer of the day's room. Captain Miljkovič, who had just come back from abroad, was lying down and dreaming of home, where his young wife lay in pain. From a sense of duty he had declined the King's permission to stay with her. Now he heard Dimitrijevič's voice rising above those of his comrades in exhortation: 'Be calm, be quick, and no foolishness!' But as the alarmed officer reached under his pillow for a weapon, Lieutenant Borivoje Jovanovič shot him through the head. The King's adjutant, Lieutenant-Colonel Naumovič, burst out of the next room in his nightshirt. He was in the conspiracy, and had tried in vain to get the captain drinking before he went to bed; but Lieutenant Milič Simeunovič, who had just come back from Pirot that day, and so knew nothing of the adjutants' share in the conspiracy, stretched him dead on the floor with two shots.

All was going well for Dimitrijevič. He called for the keys of the inner apartments of the castle. In vain! For neither on the body of the orderly nor on that of the adjutant could they be found.

'Bring some dynamite!'

A terrible explosion reverberated through the castle. The walls trembled, the lights went out, the door fell in. Down the steps in the dark glided a figure. Was it the fleeing King? Apis hurried after him. Shots. No, it was a soldier of the castle guard, who, turning in his steps, gave his pursuer three severe wounds. No one noticed, for meantime the other conspirators were raging like a storm in the bed-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

chamber of the royal pair. It was empty. On the floor, still warm, a sign of recent flight, silken bedclothes lay in a heap. On the table by the Queen's bed, turned down at page 80, was a French novel. Its title, *La trahison*, stared up like an omen at the intruders. Suddenly outside there was a volley. Was that a shrill cry for help from the King? Were the conspirators betrayed? Must they die? It was a false alarm. There was an exchange of shots with a few guards, but by this time Colonel Mašin's troops, the Seventh Infantry and a cavalry regiment, had seized the konak. The city also was in the hands of the revolutionists. All was smooth. The coast was clear. Two bodies were all the conspirators needed for complete triumph.

There was a wild hunt by the officers, piercing rich Gobelin tapestries and costly pictures with their shots, for behind each there might be a secret lurking-place.

The gray of morning crept wanly up the sky. Nerves began to snap.

If the royal pair of the Obrenovič dynasty were not speedily dispatched, there was danger of a civil war. Finally a decision of feverish brains: the first adjutant who had been captured, General Laza Petrovič, should have a respite of ten minutes. If he had not found the King within that time, he should himself be put to the sword. Again the throng of excited, dirty, exhausted men rushed through the rooms, and again the quest ended in the bedchamber. There, while they glanced despairingly round, Lieutenant Velimir Velič descried in the hangings a little angular depression like a keyhole. In vain did General Petrovič turn away. His paleness betrayed him.

'Bring an axe. Here 's a door!'

The General: 'No, no, I will call!' Then in a loud voice, 'Your Majesty! Your Majesty!'

There was no answer. Colonel Radivojevič thundered at the secret door shouting, 'Open!'

The adjutant called again beseechingly, 'Your Majesty!' and after a short pause added, 'It is I — Laza. Open to your officers!' From behind the door came Alexander's voice, calm and unmoved as usual.

'Can I rely upon my officers' oath of allegiance?'

'No, not in the least!' shrieked Vemič wildly.

'You may indeed!' shouted Lieutenant Peta Markovič, another of the conspirators, in a louder tone as he entered the room.

The little door opened. Two figures, clasped in a convulsive embrace, almost a single white shadow shimmering in the darkness, appeared. They waited an instant — was it one, two, or three? There was a burst of flame from the muzzles of three revolvers — those of Ristič, Vemič, and Radivojevič. The King, dead at the first shot, sank to the floor. Over him crouched Draga, in a despairing endeavor to protect him with her body. Only with the tenth shot did she die.

It was exactly ten minutes to four.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE FRIENDSHIP OF WAGNER AND NIETZSCHE

BY ELISABETH FÖRSTER-NIETZSCHE

From *Neue Freie Presse, August* 30
(VIENNA LIBERAL DAILY)

Now that Bayreuth has opened its doors anew and discussions about Wagner are once more the order of the day, the relationship between Wagner and Nietzsche is frequently being touched upon. The Verlag Alfred Kröner, for example, has brought out a thin volume called *Nietzsches Schriften für und gegen Wagner*, which gives a good picture of the rise and decline of my brother's veneration for Richard Wagner, running from the time of his highest admiration during their association at Tribschen — a period to which my brother always referred as 'the time on the blessed island' — on until the end.

So far as its heights and depths were concerned, their friendship came to a close in 1872 after the laying of the corner stone of the Bayreuth theatre, and the younger man gradually drew further and further away from the master. But not until Richard Wagner had written *Parsifal* and my brother had written *Human, All Too Human* did a break come in their friendship. Nietzsche somewhat naïvely sent his book to the master with a playful inscription, but — although the volume did not contain the slightest attack on Wagner or even mention his name — the master felt that the younger man had left his own world far behind. After the book had been sent there followed an icy silence from Bayreuth, and then a savage attack in the *Bayreuther Blätter*. My brother was shocked, for he had supposed that Wagner was great enough in thought to grant him perfect freedom in the expression of his views. He had hoped that Wagner would say to him: 'My friend, there is no bond between us now, but we have so much joy in one another that each will help the other onward even if our ways are diametrically opposed.'

Each had really meant a great deal to the other — not Nietzsche to Wagner alone, but the reverse as well. That is why my brother writes in 1886, '*Die Geburt der Tragödie* stirred what was perhaps the greatest chord of happiness in Wagner's life. He was beside himself, and there are wonderfully beautiful things in *Götterdämmerung* which he produced under the influence of this extreme hopefulness.' Letters from Tribschen give documentary support to these words. Wagner, before making a public attack upon my brother, should have taken time to remember those days of intoxication and delight. My brother made no reply to Wagner's onslaught, but all he thought about him in the ten years of silence that ensued is gathered together in the book already mentioned.

The modern generation can scarcely conceive how little significant discussion of Richard Wagner there was prior to 1882 when my brother entered the lists on his behalf. He was the first to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

emphasize Wagner's significance for a new and higher form of German culture and his relationship to Greek ideals, for he believed that in Wagner's music he heard the expression of a Dionysian power of the soul that glorified growing life and would be an all-important means of healing for the decadence of the period. It is easy, therefore, to understand how painful was his disillusion when he became more and more convinced that Wagner's art tended increasingly to glorify the decadent ideals of the period.

In the spring of 1888, my brother was busy over his great work, *Der Wille zur Macht* — and especially with the philosophic meditation over the problem of modernity. In this way he came to see that modern man has within himself the two opposing values of a rising and a sinking life; that one of the most striking examples of this modernity, with all its contradictions and corrupting effects, was Richard Wagner himself; and that Wagner's music was steadily losing its world-enlightening character and becoming pessimistic-dismal.

From time to time my brother received detailed descriptions of the intellectual life in the circle in Bayreuth, more especially in the later years after Wagner's death. Anger seized him when he saw how thoroughly, since those days in Tribschen, the figure of Wagner had been both 'Christianized and secularized' — an extraordinary transformation of the Bayreuth master which aroused impatience in others besides my brother who had known the real Richard Wagner. It was during this winter, or in the spring of 1888, that a message from Hans von Bülow reached my brother which contained a sharp criticism of the Bayreuth circle, and closed with the suggestion: 'Friedrich Nietzsche ought once more to write why he left Bayreuth. There would assuredly be much to learn from that. He himself (Bülow) would like to give utterance to something of the sort.'

Whether this message — which, according to his notes, Nietzsche received twice over — was the inspiration of his *Fall Wagner* (The Wagner Case) can no longer be determined. It is more probable, as has already been said, that in his criticism of modernity he regarded Wagner's example as especially unwholesome and delusive. He said to himself: 'A monstrous misunderstanding of Richard Wagner exists to-day in Germany, and, as I have myself helped to increase it, I will atone for my guilt and endeavor to lessen it.' There will perhaps come a time when it will no longer be understood why my brother took the Wagner problem so seriously and why he measured all the artistic questions of his day in relation to it. People will no longer understand how a man like Nietzsche, engaged in dealing with the problems of eternity which a thousand years would scarce suffice to solve, could bring himself to spend so much thought on this single problem. Certainly no man thought more deeply or steadily than my brother about Wagner, and it was the magnificent friendship with him, which had brought my brother so much joy and sorrow, that induced him to do so.

When Wagner's partisans make mention of the Wagner-Nietzsche friendship, they put matters in quite another light, and it remains for them a somewhat painful situation, so that they at times prefer to keep silent about it altogether. Twice in his life Wagner had the extraordinary good fortune to be regarded by two splendid young men as the ideal of their highest hopes. One was King Ludwig of Bavaria and the other was Friedrich Nietzsche. Wagner was unable to hold these two

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wonderful young idealists who had given him their whole hearts. Instead he prepared them for the most painful disillusion. So far as Nietzsche is concerned, the Wagner partisans try to extricate themselves from their difficulty by saying that Wagner saw in Nietzsche only a highly gifted supporter of his work, and therefore feigned friendship for him — but in saying this they do Wagner little honor.

Anyone who has known Heinrich von Stein personally, however, and has talked with him about Wagner in relation to my brother, will get quite another idea of Wagner's state of mind. In January 1886 Stein told me, with deep emotion, how Wagner perpetually sought a substitute for the lost friendship with Nietzsche — only to find himself a perpetual victim of disillusion whenever he thought that he had found one. With touching modesty Stein added: 'Even in me he was deceived.' When Wagner's partisans describe meetings with him in which he spoke in a mocking and derogatory way of Nietzsche, I always set down three question-marks, although Wagner's attack in the *Bayreuther Blätter* may seem to justify their assertions. Malvina von Mensenburg used to tell how, after the break in their friendship, Wagner would rise and go silently from the room when the conversation turned on Nietzsche.

My own experience, too, contradicts the assertion of this group of Wagnerians. Likely enough Wagner's pride led him to conceal from the chief figures about him how bitterly he suffered because my brother had left his world and abandoned him, but I myself have heard one utterance of his which betrayed his innermost feelings. When I went to *Parsifal*, in 1882, Wagner invited me to a special interview. We spoke chiefly about *Parsifal*, but, as I was leaving, Wagner said in a low, quivering voice: 'Tell your brother that since he left me I am alone.' He said this a year before his death, at the height of his fame, when he was surrounded by a world of reverent admiration. When I gave this message to my brother, he was deeply moved and said no word, but at this very time his book, *Die fröhliche Wissenschaft*, was in press, and my brother added the aphorism, *Sternen-Freundschaft*, and thus erected to the time of glorious friendship a lofty monument. I think that this best expresses the attitude we should take toward the friendship of Wagner and Nietzsche, and that these two great names remain forever bound in inner union.

But we who honor in Nietzsche our greatest, will not forget that even when in *Zarathustra*, wrathful at his disillusion, he ridiculed Wagner as a musician, and in the book mentioned above made the fiercest attacks on him, he still reiterated the sentence: 'I have loved him and no man more.'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOW GREAT SPEAKERS PREPARE THEIR SPEECHES

BY AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN

From the *Empire Review, December*
(LONDON PUBLIC-AFFAIRS MONTHLY)

A CORRESPONDENCE in a Sunday paper led me some time ago to write a note on the use made by my father in his public speeches of poetical quotation, and, if I may judge by the expressions of opinion which reached me, that glimpse into the methods of work of one of the great speakers and the greatest Parliamentary debater of his generation was not without interest. The newspaper itself remarked that 'it is always fascinating to look into a prominent man's workshop,' and this observation, spurring my own curiosity, has led me to try to carry the matter further. How do great speakers prepare their speeches? Is there, or has there been, any uniformity of practice? Is there any golden rule which will lead the beginner to success? It is improbable, but, except among contemporaries, it is not very easy to collect the materials for an adequate answer. Notes of speeches are apt to be torn up as soon as they have served their purpose, or, if retained for a time, to be destroyed at the first overhaul of papers. Even if the notes themselves are by any chance preserved, they do not necessarily reveal the extent or the character of the preparation which went to their composition. Descriptions of the effect of historic speeches upon their listeners are common enough, but we more rarely get a glimpse of the craftsman at his bench sharpening his tools or shaping his work.

Yet the subject is surely a fascinating one. Nearly forty years ago I begged of John Bright the notes of the last great speech that he delivered in public, and I have often been tempted to make this the basis for a collection among my contemporaries. But the fear of being importunate, and the formidable frown with which Mr. Bright greeted that first request, — though a couple of days later it was most kindly granted, — have deterred me; and apart from speeches of my father I have but few examples.

There is another difficulty. Every successful Parliament man must be a debater, able to speak without preparation and without notes, or with only such notes as he may hastily jot down while listening to the opponent to whom he is about to reply. But some of our greatest speakers never use notes even for speeches that have been the subject of careful preparation; and in such cases, unless they themselves have disclosed their secret or some friend has observed and recorded it, we are thrown back upon speculation and guesswork. I suspect that in the more leisurely and rhetorical days of the late eighteenth century and of the early and middle parts of the nineteenth century an ampler preparation was in most cases both possible and more necessary than to-day.

A good deal of information can, however, be gathered if one takes the trouble to search for it, though I do

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not think that anyone has yet sought to bring it together. Of Chatham's method I can find no account, and of his notes, if he used notes, none have survived. In the case of the younger Pitt we are more fortunate. His success in Parliament was immediate and decisive. Not even the memory of Chatham's lofty eloquence could lessen the fame at once acquired by his favorite son. 'He is not a chip of the old block; he is the old block itself!' Burke exclaimed after listening to his maiden speech, and Lord Stanhope has preserved for us not only Pitt's own account of the training that he had undergone at his father's hands, but also a description of his method and examples of his notes. Chatham, he tells us, was not only accustomed to send the young Pitt specimens of oratory to study, but 'bade him take up any book in some foreign language with which he was well acquainted, in Latin or Greek especially,' and 'to read out of this work a passage in English, stopping where he was not sure of the word to be used in English, until the right word came to his mind,' while 'to train his son in sonorous elocution, Lord Chatham caused him to recite day by day in his presence passages from the best English poets, especially Shakespeare and Milton.' Lord Stanhope says that when after this training in his boyhood he came to speak in the House of Commons 'he did not prepare the structure or the wording of his sentences, far less write them down beforehand. The statement of his friends upon this point is much confirmed by his own notes, as scattered among his papers. These notes, which are in his own handwriting, are all extremely brief, at most some figures for his finance, and some headings for his argument.' And then Lord Stanhope gives as instances 'his only written preparation for two of the most remarkable among his many great harangues.'

Here are the notes as printed by Lord Stanhope for his speech on the renewal of the war in 1803: —

NOTES OF SPEECH (MAY 23, 1803)

Acts since the Preliminaries.
- Elba.
- Etruria.
- Louisiana.

Since definitive Treaty.
- Black Sea.
- Piedmont.
- Germany.
- Switzerland.

Cases which may arise.
- Encroachments on Austria or other parts of Continent.

On powers guaranteed by us.
- Portugal.
- Naples.
- Malta.
- Turkey.

On Maritime Interests.
- Spain or S. America.
- Portugal or Brazil.
- Holland or its Colonies.
- Egypt or Maritime Possessions of Turkey.
- N. America.

On objects immediately British.
- Shutting Ports of Europe.
- Sending forces to India, or advancing claims there.
- Press.
- French emigrants.

General state of Naval and Military preparation.

Finance system.

System of Foreign connection.

This is the speech of which Fox said that 'if Demosthenes had been present he must have admired and might have envied,' and which Lord Stanhope placed among the three best that Pitt ever made.

To me these seem the perfection of what notes should be, if (but what an *if!*) from such bare headlines the speaker can make, I will not say a speech that Demosthenes might envy, but one which is at all adequate to the occasion. But for a set speech of immense consequence, both from the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

position of the speaker and the circumstances of the moment, the very baldness of these notes suggests to my mind careful preliminary thought and concentrated mental preparation.

Fox, on the other hand, appears to have given little thought to preparation and to have used no notes. Sir George Trevelyan describes him as 'an extempore speaker,' and attributes no small share of his facility to his early fondness for amateur theatricals. 'The pains which he had bestowed on learning to speak the words of others, enabled him to concentrate his undivided attention upon the arduous task of improvising his own. If only he could find the thing which required to be said he was sure to say it in the way that would produce the greatest possible effect.' Thus his biographer; but then we have Fox's own confession that he acquired his preëminence in debate by speaking at least once every night for two sessions — an example which no possible victim of the practice would commend to aspirants to a like fame.

Of Sheridan's method I can find no trace; but Wyndham, whom Erskine May describes as his superior in education and attainments, and little inferior in wit, and to whom he assigns a higher place as a debater, is shown, by papers preserved in the Additional Manuscripts at the British Museum, not only to have made full notes, but, on some occasions at least, to have written out in full all that he intended to say. The manuscript of his speech on the Rohilla charge against Hastings is preserved together with much material that went to its preparation.

The Additional Manuscripts also contain similar drafts and notes of speeches by Charles Yorke and Huskisson, and some of the first Lord Liverpool's speeches in the handwriting of his secretary. These, like the others, are written out in full, even to the 'Mr. Speaker' or 'Sir' which opens the speech or introduces a paragraph. Lord Liverpool was certainly no orator, but it would be unkind and doubtless untrue to infer that his speeches were made by his secretary, though such things have been known to occur. I remember a Member of Parliament in my early days who made some very polished speeches, full of good things. 'How do you hit on these things?' I once asked him. 'Well,' he said, 'I have a very clever secretary, and I shut him up in one room, and myself in another, and we each write a speech. Then we compare notes and I take the best of both!' *Sic vos non vobis*, O private secretaries and civil servants; but how you must suffer when your chief bungles your arguments and blunts your points!

In such cases as I have been describing the preparation was evidently very careful and complete. But what is preparation? My father once said to the late Sir E. Hamilton, then Mr. Gladstone's private secretary, that Mr. Gladstone told him that he did not prepare his speeches, unless it might be some peculiarly important and delicate announcement on foreign affairs. 'I don't know what he means by preparation,' retorted Sir Edward. 'If he means that he does n't sit down and write, I dare say it 's true; but he lies on a sofa and "wombles" it in his inside. And I 'll tell you this, Mr. Chamberlain, none of us likes to go near him the day before he makes a great speech!' As a very wise parlormaid once said of my father on a similar occasion, 'No, Mum, it 's not what he says, but what he looks!' What private secretary could not tell a like tale? I do not believe any man ever made a good speech without feeling strain beforehand, *if he had time to think about it.*

No doubt in these busy days, when

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the occasions for speech are so numerous and the opportunities for thought so few, much of the preparation is only semiconscious or subconscious, the result of 'wombling' at odd moments and amid other preoccupations, and much is left to the hazard of the moment. 'Sir,' said Dr. Johnson, 'it concentrates a man's mind wonderfully to know that he is to be hanged in a fortnight,' and a man's knowledge that in another moment he will be on his feet addressing three or four thousand people, or the fact that he is already doing so, is equally stimulating to his faculties. Under this pressure ideas that have been vaguely floating in the mind suddenly take shape and scattered thoughts fall as suddenly into place. 'Why do you worry, Chamberlain?' Mr. Bright once said to my father who was lamenting the fate that compelled him to deliver three speeches 'each with a beginning and a middle and an end' to three great mass-meetings on one Saturday afternoon — 'why do you worry? There is always inspiration in a great crowd.' No doubt in such circumstances some things worth saying will be forgotten and the *esprit de l'escalier* will torment the speaker with the vision of lost opportunities as soon as he sits down. But this matters little. Those are the happy ones who, on such occasions, can resume their seats without having said something that they would wish immediately to recall.

Disraeli was as independent of notes as his great rival. 'He was,' says Mr. Buckle, 'gifted with a marvelously retentive memory, which often, indeed, betrayed him into plagiarisms of a sustained character in speech and writing, but which, at any rate, enabled him altogether to dispense, in his ordinary practice, with the use of notes.' Disraeli himself justified his practice by saying, 'If I once used notes, I should lean upon them; and that would never do.' 'He depended,' we are told, 'in some degree on catching inspiration from his hearers; he told Delane, he was "much influenced by my audience and the impromptu." This does not, of course, mean that there was not careful preparation before any great effort, or that, in particular, the biting phrases by which he will always be remembered were not deeply studied in his mind, and assiduously polished before they were launched, apparently at random, upon the world. In preparing the few speeches of importance which he delivered outside Parliament he often made use of a highly original method; he privately rehearsed them, either in whole or in part, to an experienced reporter of the *Times*, J. F. Neilson, in whom he placed especial trust.'

In like manner Macaulay, when he spoke 'had no notes in his hand and no manuscript in his pocket,' but his speeches were most carefully prepared and were repeated without the loss or omission of a single word. 'If a debate were in prospect he would turn the subject over while he paced his chamber or tramped along the streets. Each thought as it rose in his mind embodied itself in phrases and clothed itself in an appropriate drapery of images, instances and quotations; and when, in the course of his speech, the thought recurred, all the words which gave it point and beauty spontaneously recurred with it.' Macaulay's memory was of course phenomenal, and has become proverbial. But it is curious to find how many men, who prepared their speeches carefully, used no notes.

The late Lord Salisbury and Mr. Bonar Law were of this number, and Lord Salisbury at least was not only a most effective but a most polished speaker. In answer to my inquiry the present Lord Salisbury writes: 'It is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

quite true that my father always spoke without notes. He had nothing in the shape of papers in his hands unless he was going to quote someone else. . . . He once told me that the epigrams (though he did not use the word, I am sure), or it may be the illustrations, — for both of which his speeches were notable, — occurred to him only as he was speaking. . . . I remember also that he was accustomed to use some *memoria technica* in place of notes.' Toward the close of his last Administration Lord Salisbury told me that he regretted that he had not accustomed himself to the use of notes in his younger days, for by that time he had begun to feel the strain of being wholly dependent on his memory for the substance and arrangement of what he meant to say. It may be that neither he nor Mr. Bonar Law ever attempted verbal preparation unless of some passage of singular importance, but even so the strain of composing the whole speech without putting pen to paper, of marshaling the arguments, of arranging the order of presentation of the facts, or remembering that this thought or argument had been rejected and that other substituted in the course of preparation, must have been immense. Mr. Bonar Law himself told me that two hours of such work left him as exhausted as a twenty-mile walk.

But if some men use no notes and some forego preparation altogether, we can set against their example the practice of others not less illustrious. Of Canning's custom in his earlier years we have no certain knowledge, but it is not likely that he was less careful then than later, when he had long established his reputation as an orator and his position as a statesman. 'Certainly during his last tenure of office when he was about to make an important speech, his whole mind was absorbed with it for two, or, perhaps, three days, beforehand. He spared no labor in obtaining and arranging his material. He always drew up a paper (which he used in the House) with the heads, in their order, of the several topics on which he meant to touch, and these heads were numbered, and the numbers sometimes extended to four or even five hundred. At these periods he was not easy of approach; interruption irritated him, except it related to the matter in hand.' Once again the private secretary reveals the strain of long preliminary labor which produced the smooth delivery and glowing rhetoric of the speech itself.

So, too, with Bright. Though he said that he had once written a speech and then found its delivery so great a strain that he had never attempted it again, he became, I think, by his slow and leisurely method of preparation, almost word-perfect in what he intended to say, and could probably have repeated a speech the moment after its delivery with very little change of language. He was accustomed, I have been told, to try in conversation the effect of his arguments and sometimes even of his phrases, but he had a fine ear for the cadences of language and an unfailing instinct for the right word which must have been a natural gift. 'If my manner of speaking is good, it may have become so from reading what is good,' he once wrote to a correspondent, and probably few could rival his knowledge of the Bible and of Milton and, rather surprisingly, of Byron. An aunt of mine, in whose house he was staying, once asked him to read some Browning on a Sunday afternoon toward the close of his life. He consented, but he did not care for Browning's poetry, and in a few moments had laid the volume aside and was reciting from memory long passages of Byron's poetry, to which he was attracted perhaps as much by its rhetorical

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

5

Where your security. Ask any Financier?
On what terms hold you safe in the meantime
engaged
engaged & biassed if Suspect Govt. Bill.
Speculation?
if not, no Concealment. would frankly tell you
But Govt. Bill. Irish members. if Dublin Parl.
inevitable
only slight object & Compensation in Bill
Parl. Union. Exclusion absolutely necessary
300. Irish Members. Dublin. 100 in London
American Irish Constitution. perpetual Charitable
Blind.
If League does not care about Foreign affairs,
rather Commend them. Let them stay in Ireland
But a new plan. occasional presence in London.
To have a party intermittent Irish fever
in House of Commons. overstriking & Over
Ludicrous. How many? Commons & Lords too?
hire Come & when? Special Boat. & Train?
Excursion & return Tickets. which cheapest?
free seats in Westminster Hall. invade House

MR. BRIGHT'S NOTES.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

character as by its passion for liberty.

The mention of Byron and Browning recalls to my mind two stories of Bright that are worth telling. Bright and Browning dined one evening at my father's house in Prince's Gardens about the time of the publication of Donelly's *Cryptogram*. Halfway through dinner the lady who sat between them said, 'It is time that you intervened, Mr. Chamberlain. Mr. Bright and Mr. Browning are coming to blows.' It appeared that Mr. Bright, who enjoyed legal puzzles, and was said to know the evidence in the Tichborne trial better than any layman, had professed his belief that Donelly had succeeded in proving that Bacon wrote Shakespeare; and Mr. Browning's temper had not been proof against the strain. As later I held the door open for the guests to pass out of the dining-room, I caught the echo of the storm. 'Stupid old man!' growled Bright to my father; 'I don't believe he understands his own poems.' And a moment later, as Browning passed out, 'Obstinate old fool!' he muttered, 'I don't believe he ever read a play of Shakespeare in his life.' And indeed I do not think that Bright ever showed any great appreciation of Shakespeare.

The second story I was told by my father. Bright was addressing the annual meeting of his Birmingham constituents in the Town Hall. He was speaking of the horrors of war — I do not know the occasion — and began quoting, 'Lo! where the Giant on the mountain stands,' throwing up his hands as he did so in anticipation of the coming image, when a look of agony crossed his face, and turning to the chairman he demanded fiercely, 'What 's the next line?' The chairman, poor man, was unequal to the occasion, — how many of us would have done any better? — but the line was at once given by Mr. Sam Timmins (a well-known Birmingham figure of the time, whose name is recorded in the Free Library as one of its principal benefactors), and Mr. Bright sailed on: —

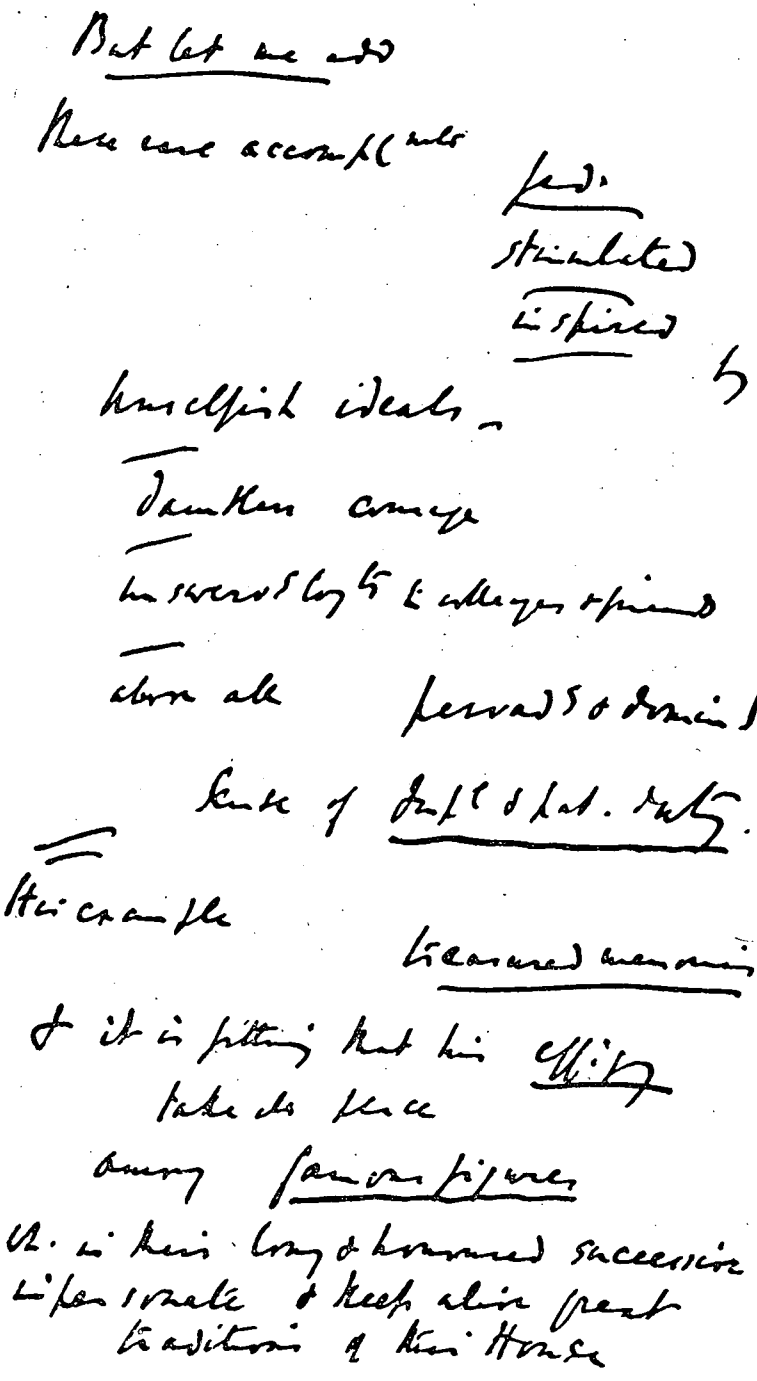
Lo! where the Giant on the mountain stands,
His blood-red tresses deep'ning in the sun,
With death-shot glowing in his fiery hands,
And eye that scorcheth all it glares upon.

But this is a digression. Mr. Bright's notes were very full. His biographer prints a facsimile page of the notes of a speech made in 1860. 'Each idea in its order,' says Mr. Trevelyan, 'is represented by a few words or figures, while the "key sentence," or "island," as he used to call it, is written out at full.' I possess the notes for two of his speeches, one as a chairman of a Rochdale meeting in 1877, and the other the only speech he made on Mr. Gladstone's first Home Rule Bill. It was addressed to his constituents in the Birmingham Town Hall on July 1, 1886, and was, I think, the last speech but one of his long public life.

The earlier speech must have occupied fifteen or twenty minutes in delivery, the later one more than an hour. The notes for the former cover three sides of small-sized letter-paper, those of the latter nine. Both are in small but very clear handwriting, and almost every word is underlined. Long sentences are written out in full or nearly so. A page is reproduced on p. 27.

The first four lines conclude his examination of the Land Bill. Then he turns to the exclusion of the Irish members from Westminster and to the alternative suggestion that they should attend only for imperial business. It will be seen how detailed all this is, even to the very characteristic aside 'and rather commend them,' which is followed up on the next page with the equally characteristic 'Vote of censure — or 2*d.* income tax to pay for new Bombardment — or blunder on Afghan frontier.' If these are 'islands,'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



MR. ASQUITH'S NOTES.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mr. Bright sailed amid a veritable archipelago. The earlier notes are almost equally detailed, and hardly bear out Mr. Trevelyan's conclusion that he wrote out 'only the heads of his argument with an occasional "key sentence," and ending up with the peroration transcribed in full.'

The mention of a peroration reminds me of the advice of an old Parliamentary hand — I think Lord Palmerston — to a beginner in the House: 'You need not bother about the beginning of your speech, because that will naturally arise out of the debate. Nor will the body of the speech give you much trouble, for that will be concerned with the subject under discussion, and unless you were fully conversant with the matter you would not speak; but you must know your peroration or you will never be able to sit down.'

In my early days of public speaking I studiously acted on this advice, so far at least as the peroration was concerned, but I found that the sentences so carefully committed to memory were not infrequently used halfway through the speech to fill a gulf suddenly yawning at my feet when all ideas had momentarily forsaken the earnest but very nervous orator.

'Get your transitions clearly in your mind,' was the late Lord Goschen's advice to me, 'the bridges which lead from one subject to the next; for the language you can trust to the moment.' This is good advice, but Lord Goschen certainly wrote out much of his speeches beforehand, and was able on occasion, like Disraeli, to go through them with a reporter before the meeting. I recall one such instance in the case of a speech that I heard him deliver one evening in my schooldays at Rugby when he was closeted with the representative of the *Times* for an hour in the course of the afternoon. Lord Goschen was very shortsighted and wrote a minute and very illegible hand, and this must have added to his difficulties in using notes. More than once, the present Lord Goschen tells me, his father would appeal to him: 'I know I have something good here, but I can't read it. Can you make it out?'

Mr. Winston Churchill has not found any of his father's notes preserved among his papers, but here Lord Salisbury again comes to my help. 'Lord Randolph,' he writes, 'once lent me the notes of a speech he was going to deliver, or had been going to deliver, to help me for a speech when I was an undergraduate. The notes were most elaborate — headings, subheadings, and sub-subheadings. He told me at the time that he had used every method — learning by heart, elaborate notes, and impromptu in debate.' I dare say that most of us have done the same. There was one of many delightful week-end parties at Taplow Court in the early years of this century when guests wandering about the grounds on Sunday morning reported that they had found the late Lord Percy reciting his Monday's speech in one alley, Lord Hugh Cecil preparing himself in another, and Mr. Churchill practising his peroration in a third.

Of Mr. Asquith's notes I possess one example — those for the speech which he delivered in August 1920 on the proposal to place my father's statue in the lobby of the House of Commons, and which I begged of him at the time as a memorial of the tribute paid to my father's memory by a political adversary who has ever been as generously appreciative of the qualities of his opponents as staunchly loyal to his friends. These notes are very full, but the occasion was exceptional. 'They are, of course,' writes Mr. Asquith in a letter giving me permission to reproduce a page of them, 'more elaborated (as to language, etc.) than what I

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fiscal

Shall my decl with it for ê
Personal defence. No leader more
"Impossible; Immediately; unfair to
party; to H Hon; to H Country;
to H circle cabl: & H world;
to H whole of things. -
I profoundly dissent. -
To judge fairly they must adopt
my point of view.
I do not belong to H. happy band
who think everything perfect.
Treaties coming to an end. Tariffs.
Colonial preference Prime Minister.
It cannot be denied new departures
Two courses open to a Gov." impossible.
Silently make up your mind.
Indicate doubts. Paul
Gladstone
Incomparably more difficult- than
Eiltn. Cover days a H. Rule.
Foreign countries. Colonies. H. Imperial
As regards Home Legislature - it depends a H

LORD BALFOUR'S NOTES.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

should normally use at a public meeting, or for a speech in the House.' And he adds that his practice as to extent of preparation varies so much, and his habit of consigning his notes to immediate destruction is so inveterate, that he cannot now give me a more typical example. On page 29 is the last sheet of these notes.

Here there is certainly evidence of careful and even of verbal preparation; but Mr. Asquith's style is natural to him and differs little in his prepared and unprepared speeches. In both there are the same clean-cut and faultless sentences, the same wide command of dignified and sonorous language, and the same secure and easy progress, through whatever parentheses he allows himself, to a conclusion that is not only intelligible but grammatical.

Far different is the case with Lord Balfour. I have been told by my father that, when he first entered the House, Mr. Balfour was a bad speaker, and he has never acquired the easy flow and smooth delivery which do so much for the comfort of the audience. His preparation is generally slight and never verbal. His notes are few and little consulted by him when speaking; and I think I have observed that even when he affects to consult them it is often only a gesture securing a moment for reflection. The right word does not always occur to him at once, and he is far too fastidious to use, as most of us do, the first word which presents itself, when it is not the best one. Thus he hesitates, and pauses, and sometimes recasts the sentence, and so, as I have found, has occasionally disappointed those who heard him for the first time. But his mastery of the House of Commons was complete. 'He plays on you all like an old fiddle,' a friend whom I had introduced to the gallery once said to me after hearing Mr. Balfour wind up a debate, and whatever the imperfections of his manner, he dominated us all, almost as much, perhaps, by his personal charm as by his intellectual preëminence. It may be said of him as a speaker as Sainte-Beuve said of de Broglie: he is '*un des esprits les plus originaux de ce temps-ci; il l'est surtout dans la forme, dans la méthode et dans les moyens de démonstration qu'il emploie; même quand il pense la même chose que tout le monde, quand il arrive aux mêmes conclusions, il y arrive ou s'y confirme par ses raisons à lui; il a en tout ses raisons, vraies peut-être, subtiles quelquefois, ingénieuses toujours, et qui ne sont jamais du vulgaire; son aristocratie, s'il fallait en rechercher quelque trace en lui, se retrouverait par ce coin-là.*'

I have preserved the notes of two of his House of Commons speeches. Of these the more interesting are those for the speech which he made on Mr. Chaplin's amendment to the second reading of the Budget of 1903, on the occasion of the abolition of the one-shilling duty on corn, for in that debate not only were Mr. Balfour's followers sharply divided among themselves, but the Opposition had fiercely attacked his personal conduct and denounced what they were pleased to consider his breach of constitutional practice. The notes are written, as was Mr. Balfour's habit, on long envelopes headed respectively 'Preface I,' 'Self II,' 'Finis.' He spoke at the opening of the second day's debate, and the notes show every sign of having been jotted down as the debate of the previous day proceeded. The first two contain about half a dozen notes apiece. The third is much fuller, though the matter covered by it occupied about the same time in delivery. The second envelope concludes with

> Here should end the case! —
> But large question.
> Ministerial responsibility.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And on this follows the final sheet, as reproduced on page 31.

The report of this portion of the speech fills about a column of the *Times*, and would, I suppose, take about twenty minutes in delivery. These are by far the fullest notes that I have ever seen Lord Balfour use, and anyone who takes the trouble to look at the report will find that all, or nearly all, the notes find expression and development in what he actually said. But this with him was unusual. I remember on one occasion when we were in opposition being left in charge for some time during a Friday afternoon's debate. After a time Mr. Balfour joined me and, with one ear on the debate, chatted delightfully on many subjects as they crossed our thoughts. After a time he said, 'Well, if I am to wind up, I suppose it's time that I began to think what I am to say,' and pulling out half a dozen long envelopes from the rack on the table of the House he wrote without hesitation a headline at the top of the first and a second headline halfway down; then did the same with a second and, I think, a third envelope; then more slowly jotted in a very few subheadings, and the work was done. I watched as he wrote, and was fascinated not only by the quick working of his mind but by observing how the speech at once presented itself to him as a whole. The framework appeared the moment he put pen to paper. Some details were added almost at once; more appeared only in the speech itself, occurring to him as he developed his argument, or as suggested by the interruptions with which he met. But the first idea of the speech sprang from his brain as a whole, consecutive and complete, though he had certainly done no conscious preparation beforehand. I once begged of him another set of notes, now unfortunately mislaid or lost, the interest of which lay in the fact that after opening in the manner indicated by the first headline he never again approached the 'signposts' that he had jotted down, but followed a new train of thought apparently suggested as he spoke by his own opening words, and I suspect that, in the case of Lord Balfour, notes, even the most complete, are never more than headlines, and certainly they are never allowed to hamper his freedom of movement in action.

This, indeed, suggests one of the difficulties of preparation. If a practised speaker knows exactly what he is going to say, and has it somehow firmly fixed in his mind, he can say it and yet preserve a large power of variation in reply to interruptions or in response to the inspiration of the moment. If, at the other extreme, he has only the broadest outline of the speech before him, he is quite likely to be equally successful, and sometimes more so, just because he knows himself to be dependent upon, and trusts entirely to, the inspiration of the moment. But there must be many who, like myself, have found careful but imperfect preparation a fatal snare, for the knowledge that you have not only something particular to say, but that there was a particular way in which you meant to say it, is paralyzing unless that way jumps to your mind when the critical moment arrives. It was the realization of this fact that caused me after a time to act upon my father's advice: 'Don't take so much trouble with your speeches as I have been accustomed to do. I don't mean that yours will be better because you take less, but, now that so many speeches are called for, the burden is too great.'

My father, indeed, took immense pains with his prepared speeches. Such a speech as that with which he opened his Tariff Reform campaign at Glasgow in 1903, or those in which he developed

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his 'Unauthorized Programme' in 1885, meant not only months of study beforehand, but days of actual work upon his notes. When he first spoke as a young man in Birmingham he was not, I have been told by relations who were his contemporaries, a ready or even an easy speaker, and he himself said that in his early days he could only deliver one speech a month because it took him a fortnight to prepare it and another fortnight to recover from it. Of course, in his later days he often made debating or impromptu speeches, and among them were some of the most effective. But if he had time — and especially for great meetings in the country or set occasions in Parliament — he thought no pains too great to get his argument into the best form and to secure that every passage conduced directly to the particular result that he desired to produce. For Parliamentary purposes the task would be simplified because the question put from the Chair dictated both the subject and the scope of the speech, but of speeches at public meetings he would say: 'The first great difficulty is to find your subject — to get your line. After that the main task is to exclude everything which, however good in itself, does not lead directly to the particular conclusion that you wish to enforce.' Is not this exclusion of the irrelevant or the merely superfluous the secret of all great art?

Given plenty of time, — and to get it undisturbed he habitually worked far into the night, — his practice was to make a first draft of the speech in writing. This would cover four, or, more rarely, six or even eight, sides of note paper in a very small hand. From this draft he made his speaking notes, and in doing so often discarded much of what he had originally written and introduced fresh matter. These notes, when finished, he would go over at least once, more often two or even three times, until, I think, they were clearly fixed in his mind. But even so, when speaking he used his notes freely and never sought to conceal them; but he could turn aside to demolish an interrupter or to answer an objection with no fear of losing the thread of his argument or forgetting the point which he had reached at the moment of the digression. This perfect ease and security on his part, coupled with his singularly clear voice, had much to do with the comfort and enjoyment of his audiences. And by the time I attended his meetings he seemed as easy a speaker, as free in his movements, and as completely master of his resources, as any man could be, though even after that he still continued to develop his mastery of the technique of speaking until the last year or two of tremendous strain and lessening health. Few people, I think, who saw him just before a meeting when the work of preparation was done and he had resolutely banished all thoughts of speech and notes from his mind, or who listened to the delivery of the speech itself, so easy, so natural, apparently so spontaneous, without a sign of strain in voice or manner, could have guessed the immense and wearing labor that went to its preparation, but Mrs. Chamberlain, now Mrs. Carnegie, who could watch him at work in his library, has told me that few if any such set speeches in the country cost less than three days' constant toil and that five was the more usual number. Again and again I have known him to shut himself up in his library from breakfast to lunch, from lunch to dinner, and again till the early hours of the morning, and emerge at last with nothing definite accomplished. 'I cannot get my line,' he would say, and he would admit at times that in despair he had taken refuge in a French novel. And then perhaps next evening

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

2. Realisation, ideal. Cement Union.
Consolidate Races - meet Clash, Competition -
not only by isolated efforts - supported by forces,
now at last growing States that speak common tongue.

Now attain? Claim if pressed in manner
worthy, dignity - magnitude - apart fr.
personal bitterness - even party controversy

Disclaims imputations, answer only motives
Claim equal consideration

Recognise changes only successful if National
policy - not forced by great majority accepted as
consent by overwhelming proportion

Glasgow one, most prosperous. Why not let alone?
Venice

Not predict equal Catastrophe for B. in Duty
But signs, decay - Cracks - foundations not
sound enough
Am I wrong + warn? Change time those who
in dist fr want, preparation, equally dangerous
for preparing for greater struggle - if defeated
disappear - meet with antiquated Weapons + old
fashioned tactics

not well with B. in Industry.
Last years great expansion. 1900 a record
Yet exports total ~~not increased~~ only increased 1890 20 millions
in U.S.A under Protection 110
Germany 56

In Free Trade Nation practically stagnant
Protected countries enormous progress

Character changed. Cobdens expectations
But Foreigners take less, our Manufs
+ us less more, theirs

MR. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN'S NOTES.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he would say, 'Well, whatever happens, I am going to make my speech before I go to bed to-night,' and he would do it, though he had to work till dawn. When I think of the infinite trouble that he took I am ashamed of such measure of facility as I have acquired by much practice and the all-too-ready acceptance of a lower standard.

But although his preparation was so careful, my father would never do what some others of his day did habitually — that is, give to a representative of the press the terms or even the substance of his speech before its delivery. To do this, he felt, would be to put himself under constraint to make the speech in that particular form and no other, and thus to subject himself to an intolerable strain. . . .

But it is time to have done with both reminiscences and comment and to give an example. On page 35 is a page of his notes for the Glasgow speech.

The speech was an unusually long one occupying an hour and forty minutes in delivery. It not only presented the general case for Tariff Reform, but developed a detailed programme and contained a number of figures. I think it is not too much to say that in form, construction, and language, in clearness of presentation and cogency of argument, it is an almost perfect model of what such a speech should be, and contemporary accounts speak of the sustained power and ease of its delivery. It had cost him immense labor, and his notes were certainly longer, and I think fuller, than usual, but subject to this qualification they are typical of all that he used for set speeches. They cover eight sides of note paper, divided into paragraphs by lines drawn half across the page, but with scarcely any special marks to draw the eye to particular points. He made a second speech at Greenock the next day, and for this also he had prepared notes before leaving home. Indeed, in the course of that campaign most of his meetings were in couples, and he found the strain of having a second speech on his mind when delivering the first so great that he presently resolved not to think about the second till the first was over, either making such notes as he could on the morning of the second day, or, as at Newport, on the day after he had spoken at Cardiff, abandoning notes altogether and trusting to his complete possession of the subject and the stimulus and inspiration of the moment — a trust which was in this case brilliantly justified not only by the immediate approval of the audience but also by the judgment of his readers. The *Times* wrote two days later of this unprepared speech: 'Nothing bears more eloquent witness, not merely to his physical energy, but to the mastery of the subject and the abundance of the resources on which he draws, than the way in which he is thus able, time after time, to follow up one remarkable utterance with another, perfectly new in character, and not less impressive.'

With this account of my father's methods I have carried my theme as far as my knowledge goes. No set rule emerges from the examination that I have made. Each speaker has his own method — often more than one. One man makes elaborate notes; another makes none. One man writes his speeches; another never puts pen to paper. We may choose what system we like, or have no system at all, and we can still find some model to justify our practice. But one conclusion, I think, stands out clearly — that those who say to public men, 'Oh! speaking is no trouble to *you*,' have not seen them in the hours of preparation. Their wives and their private secretaries tell a different tale.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE COMING GERMAN COMPETITION[1]

BY ROBERT CROZIER LONG

From the *Fortnightly Review, November*
(LONDON LITERARY AND CRITICAL MONTHLY)

THE expected increased German competition in international trade will soon be a fact. The first concrete indications were export surpluses in July and August, after almost continuous passive monthly trade-balances; and it is characteristic and, in the light of what will later be said about production, significant that these surpluses were attained, not by increasing sales to, but by reducing purchases from, abroad. Significant, because German pressure in world-markets is likely, in view of the compulsion to economize supplied by Reparations, to take the form of scanty buying rather than copious selling.

The Minister of Industry last month exclaimed, '*Hinein in die Weltwirtschaft!*' and added that Germany must play in international trade an even bigger rôle than before the war. Here he seemed to express a different view. Which view is right is hardly important, because in either case British foreign trade is likely to suffer. The German nation has no choice in the matter; it is bound either to sell more than it sells now or to buy less. It acts as if it hoped to do both. On the one hand it is framing a revision of the customs tariff of 1902 which is calculated, through its high duties and leverage for retaliation, to compel the outside world to admit German goods; and on the other hand it is taking measures, particularly in the price domain, to increase the nation's competitive capacity, and to keep wages, the standard of living, and prices so low that foreign goods, other than indispensable raw materials and food, have very little chance of getting in.

The commercial treaties now being negotiated with England and France are not likely to change these factors. The unchangeable dominant factor is Reparations; and as one must assume provisionally, and until proof to the contrary comes, that a part of the Reparations liability is going to be paid, one may also assume damage to British and Allied trade, at least until the world adapts itself to the novel system of getting something for nothing.

The prospects of payment of a little Reparations, if still not great, are certainly greater than they were half a year ago. First, because the Marx Cabinet has been the first administration to act on the principle that payment of Reparations requires a planned, homogeneous price-policy; and, secondly, because there are numerous signs of German recovery. Unemployment, after a rise in the summer, has begun to decline, and is now about one fifth of the unemployment of December 1923. Industry every day reports greater activity. The currency trouble has been finally overcome, after a

[1] Publication rights in America controlled by the Leonard Scott Publishing Company.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'stabilization crisis' far less serious than the crises experienced by Austria, Czechoslovakia, and some other States. Bank returns, particularly savings-bank returns, show that the reaccumulation of capital has begun. On all sides one sees activity, optimism, reorganization, and measures for betterment in technical, transport, and industrial-social domains. If it were not for the Reparations liability Germany would present — at least according to the popular, very doubtful, theory that trade rivalry does cause damage — a serious threat to British industry. With the Reparations liability — and this is the factor which casts doubt on the whole underlying assumption of Reparations — Germany seems to present a very much greater, and this time, it seems, a real, threat.

In international-trade matters the German Government is not in a placable mood. It expects a struggle. It believes that the Allied Governments will continue, as at Versailles, to abuse their military superiority — their ability to make trouble upon all excuses, good and bad — in order to exact trade concessions. That the belief is well justified was shown by the demand of the French negotiators on October 2 for continued duty-free admission of goods from Alsace-Lorraine. The Marx Cabinet, though its utterances are moderate, is prepared for the struggle. As a hint to the Allies it last week announced that after January 10 next, when Article 264 of the Versailles Treaty lapses, most-favored-nation treatment will be accorded only to countries that accord to Germany the same treatment, unless meantime it is otherwise provided by treaty.

In the tariff-revision question the Cabinet has so far shown itself inclined for high, even prohibitive, Protection; it has here gone further than the mass of Germans and the representative organs of German industry and trade approve. In the early summer it committed itself to reimposition of the very high grain, cattle, and meat duties which were revoked in August 1914. The draft general tariff submitted at the same time to the Reichswirtschaftsrat was a high tariff. It provided more or less summarily and indiscriminately for increase of the duties in the 1902 tariff by as much as 80 per cent. The ostensible justification of this indiscriminate increase was the all-round rise in gold prices since 1914. Since that year German prices, as shown by the commodities index, have risen only 31.5 per cent. The chief factors in production cost have risen much less: coal by 11.8 per cent, pig-iron by 11.3 per cent, bar-iron by 11.4 per cent, railway transport by 52 per cent, and wages practically not at all. Of course this proposed tariff was an autonomous tariff, and concessions under treaty were to be granted. But nevertheless the Government's first project indicated that it aims at what case-hardened Protectionists would consider a good, healthy, fighting trade-policy; and though the project was rejected by the Reichswirtschaftsrat, the policy has been adhered to so far.

The Reichswirtschaftsrat has only advisory powers. But it represents specially all the economic interests — agriculture, industry, trade, banking, transport, and insurance, and it represents both producers and consumers in each. It declared emphatically for a moderate tariff. This was to be expected. While Free Trade has very few adherents in Germany, extreme Protectionism has not many more. Special interests, such as the motor-car and aluminium branches, clamor for prohibitive duties; but organizations, whether commercial or industrial, representing business as a whole want moderation. Even the experts and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

economists in the *Verein für Sozialpolitik*, an institution traditionally associated with State economic tutelage, last week proclaimed for a moderate tariff and condemned the proposed food duties.

The Cabinet professes to agree with this programme, but it acts otherwise. It has repeatedly proclaimed that the autonomous tariff is not to be high and that it will be further moderated by mutual agreements. But the newest project, which revises about 350 items in the 1902 tariff, is again high-Protectionist. Duties on luxury goods are increased 600 per cent or more. Certain chemical products, which are at present duty-free, bear rates of up to 1000 gold marks per 200 metric pounds. Duties on textiles are increased by 100 to 200 per cent, though the prices of textiles have risen only 89 per cent. The new rates for internal-explosion motors and for motor-cars are altogether prohibitive. These are only specimens.

The Reichswirtschaftsrat had already passed a resolution condemning summary increases in duties, demanding a discriminated tariff, condemning high-Protection in principle and in all countries, urging the Government to negotiate its new commercial treaties on the assumption of 'moderate German Protection,' and declaring that the treaties, as before the war, ought to be on the basis of 'universal and unqualified most-favored-nation treatment.'

The Reichswirtschaftsrat represents opinion. The Cabinet represents tactics. Its aim is to force the Allied countries and some of the former neutrals — for instance Switzerland; Spain has already come to terms — to withdraw anti-German trade measures originating in war antagonism or in the post-war dumping panic; it knows that an effective high tariff will never come into force, and that such a tariff is against the majority's wish.

But the mere threat of retaliation in case foreign countries refuse to come to terms is not a sufficient lever. If Germany is to exact concessions, she must prove her ability to compete and undersell. Hence the Cabinet, which in economic matters is extremely active, efficient, and successful, simultaneously with its initiative in tariff and treaties began to take measures to foster exports and check imports by purely economic means. The whole industrial price-level needed to be brought down. It is true, as shown by the indexes, that the prices of commodities in Germany are not in themselves high, but industry is still so heavily burdened with special industrial taxes and dues, so burdened with the cost of execution of the innumerable restrictions and prohibitions of war years and post-war years, that the minimum prices at which many classes of articles can be exported are still high, sometimes too high for successful competition.

In September the Cabinet reduced railway freight-rates, which were already reduced 10 per cent on the first of March, by another 10 per cent. It reduced the price of Silesian coal, and after the reconstitution of the Rhenish-Westphalian Syndicate also Ruhr coal, by 10 per cent. It reduced the turnover tax, which is levied on all internal sales, from $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 per cent. This measure was very important. The turnover tax is collected every time an article in its successive production-processes from the raw-material stage upward changes ownership; on textiles, as a Reichswirtschaftsrat inquiry showed, it is paid five or six times over, so that the effective addition to the ultimate price is often as high as 8 or 10 per cent. The Ministry of Finances has since declared the tax to be injurious to production and has foreshadowed its further reduction and ultimate abolition.

Dear capital, as the same inquiry

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

showed, is a potent cause of high industrial prices. In May long-term credits could not be had at under 90 per cent a year. The Government, therefore, cut down the stamp-duty rates on company capital transactions. It is now about to abolish the restrictions on dealing in exchange, which involve costly clerical work for banks. It lowered the discount rates of the Gold Discount and Renten banks, and brought pressure on the commercial banks to reduce the great disparity between interest on deposits and loans. These are only the first steps. The Ministry of Industry promises a series of further measures aimed at bringing the industrial price-level down to a point at which the exporter's ability to compete, even against discriminatory tariffs of other European countries, will be beyond all doubt.

Taking the whole year which has elapsed since the currency depreciation was in its last throes, the official price-policy has been a striking success. The success is all the more striking because in achieving it the Government was able to relinquish important sources of revenue, such as the forty-per-cent coal-tax, without prejudicing the finances. Coal fell from 38.46 marks a metric ton, in September 1923, to 15 marks a ton last October: steel ingots declined from 116 marks to 90 marks a ton between March and October this year; and the prices of other iron and steel products fell to correspond.

Coal and iron prices dominate production cost in practically all branches. While they have fallen, wages have increased. This was inevitable because, though the last months of the currency depreciation brought very high gold prices for commodities, wages and salaries lagged behind, and they were bound to catch up. Further, the gold cost of living has risen; and experience shows that real wages in Germany cannot be depressed beyond a certain level. The present gold cost of living for working-class families is 19 per cent above that of 1913-14. It has of late risen, mainly for two reasons: the proposed food-tariff and temporary removal of export prohibition on grain, which sent up bread prices; and the gradual restoration of rents, which this month are 66 per cent of the pre-war. As the famous Third Taxation Decree, of February 1924, enacts that rents shall gradually rise to the pre-war level, the cost of living and wages are bound further to increase.

But in respect to wages Germany has nothing to fear from her competitors. Nominal wages are extraordinarily low; real wages are even lower, considerably lower than before the war; finally, working-class incomes are lower still. Incomes are materially affected by interest upon savings; and the pre-war 19,689 million gold marks of deposits in the savings banks only have almost entirely disappeared. In August the average weekly wage of a skilled workman in eight important industries was only 35.76 gold marks or $9, and of an unskilled workman only 27.35 marks; and in buying power these wages had the value of 91.1 and 99.7 per cent respectively of pre-war wages. These rates assume full employment. No German weekly wage reaches $10 gold. Another vital wage-factor is the long hours which are being worked. In 1919-23, when the eight-hour law was in force, the average working week in all industries was forty-four to forty-five hours. A census taken in May by the trades-unions, embracing 2,453,523 men in seven leading industries, shows that since the Marx Cabinet late in 1923 suspended the eight-hour law, hours have increased very much. In textiles 82.4 per cent of employees are working longer than forty-eight hours. In the metal branches 68.5 per cent are

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

working longer than forty-eight hours, and of these 21.1 per cent work longer than fifty-four hours. In the heavy-iron and steel industry the ten-hour day is now almost everywhere the rule, and therewith the post-war three-shifts-a-day system has been replaced by the pre-war system of two shifts.

The reduction of production costs has been very great. The Essen *Bergwerks-Zeitung*, the chief organ of the iron and steel branch, prints data showing that one smelting concern produced as much iron with 9200 hands as it had formerly produced with 13,500 hands, merely as a result of the reversion to the ten-hour and two-shift system, and that it thereby saved in wages $2,000,000 a year. In underground coal-mining eight to eight and one half hours is now the rule, instead of seven hours as in 1919-23. Coal production per man per shift, which fell from 934 kilogrammes in 1913 to 591 kilogrammes in 1922, had recovered by March last to 880 kilogrammes. Clerical and technical employees are paid almost incredibly low salaries. A twenty-six-year-old clerk in Essen gets 100 marks, or $25, a month; a specially educated engineer, who 'is qualified to execute difficult tasks independently,' gets 185 marks; and an engineer 'in a high and independent position' gets 230 marks. There is no sign that Germans are more discontented with such pay and hours than British industrial employees are with their better lot. In 1923 only fifteen million days were lost in strikes or lockouts, against twenty-nine millions in 1922, and forty-eight millions in 1919. In the present year, with the exception of the Ruhr coal strike in May, labor troubles have been almost unknown.

Judged alone by labor conditions and by the present prices of the commodities dominating industrial production, Germany could certainly undersell competitors. The ultimate reason for this is undoubtedly the very low per capita taxation, which results from obliteration of debt and from reduction of military expenditure. The reply often made to the former point — that the debt has merely been transferred to the nation — is, though literally true, not entirely valid. The ruined bondholder has been forced into wealth-creating activity; the former Minister of Industry, Professor Julius Hirsch, shows how through this process, and through the reduction of the defense forces by 700,000 men, Germany has actually gained 6,000,000 additional workers.

The real question of importance remaining open is whether and to what extent the burden of the Reparations industrial bonds will operate against competitive capacity. The Dawes Report throws no light on this matter, because it is both doubtful in theory and entirely wrong in facts. According to the Report, practically no new burden is to be imposed on industry. Referring to debentures and mortgages, the Report says that 'such indebtedness has for the most part been discharged by nominal payments in depreciated currency, or practically extinguished.' Even when the Dawes experts sat in Berlin in the winter of 1923-24 this was not true, and it ceased to have any semblance of truth in April last when the Report was completed. The facts are as follows: in 1913 the position of industrial corporations as regards capital and debts was, in millions of marks, —

		Per cent
Capital	19,954	73.9
Debentures	8,871	17.9
Mortgages	1,166	8.2

How much of the two classes of debts was cleared off before the end of 1923 is not known, nor is the total of new debts contracted in stable guaranteed currency. The first twelve gold-mark-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

company balance sheets issued under the law of December 1923 showed that on an average 89 per cent of secured debt was cleared off. But this was on the assumption that old paper-mark debts, having depreciated to the one-billionth of their original gold value, had disappeared, and that they would not be reimposed in part by special legislation. The assumption proved mistaken. The Third Taxation Decree of February last reimposed the debts to 15 per cent of their original gold value and imposed a tax of 2 per cent a year on the 85 per cent which the debtors would otherwise have put in their pockets. A company with debentures and mortgage debts originally totaling 1,000,000 gold marks has now a debt of 150,000 gold marks bearing 5 per cent interest, and on the extinguished 850,000 gold marks it pays an annual tax of 17,000 gold marks. If before the war it paid 50,000 gold marks a year in interest it will now pay 24,500 marks, in addition to interest on later debts borrowed in a stable currency.

This throws into a new light the inaccurate Dawes Report assumption that the imposition of 5000 millions of Reparations bonds 'does not create a burden greater than that which would have existed had there been no depreciation of currency.' However, the question whether the burden will hamper competition is a different one, owing to the total obscurity prevailing — which the Allied Governments never tried to clear up — as to the real incidence of Reparations. It is possible that German manufacturers — if, as is likely, they can produce at much below world-market prices — will be able, without risking loss of orders, to add to their export prices a sufficient supplement to pay for the interest on their Reparations bonds. During the inflation years they did this with ease, though for another purpose. If they do it again the outside world will pay Reparations — as it probably will in any case. It is possible, on the other hand, that company dividends will be reduced by the amount of the interest liability. This also would produce no convulsion, for the good reason that shareholders have for years received no dividends except paper-mark sums of practically no value in gold.

The Government is doing all it can to counteract the bad effects, if there are to be any, of the Reparations bonds on the producer's competitive capacity. The annual liability on the bonds of 300,000,000 gold marks, which is only 5 per cent of the value of exports in 1923, will be distributed among so many concerns that the burden of the great exporting industries will be much reduced. The Dawes settlement assumes that the 5000 million gold marks burden will be borne only by industry proper, and only by such concerns as have net property worth at least 50,000 gold marks, as assessed for property tax in December 1923. The Government has wisely decided to put the burden on a much broader basis. While the Reparations bonds capital liability will be imposed only on concerns of the kinds and dimensions stated, all classes of businesses, — banks, trading companies, insurance companies, and so forth, — in so far as their property exceeds 20,000 gold marks, will be compelled also to contribute to the annual interest fund. This is being done through a special 'Contributions Law,' which is outside the Dawes Plan. By this means the total property liable for interest on the bonds will be increased from 20,000 million gold marks to 30,000 millions; and the average business will be required to pay for Reparations, including amortization, 6 per cent per annum on between 16 and 17 per cent of the value of its property. In this way the Reparations bond burden on the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

exporting industries is considerably reduced. Beside the partly reimposed old secured debts, the two-per-cent tax on the extinguished 85 per cent of these old debts, and the new borrowings, the bonds lose their position of dominant factor which the Dawes Committee somewhat precipitately assumed.

The whole burden of debt on German industry remains very big, and that fact is here daily advertised and emphasized. But even if it be assumed that German exporters, favored in so many other ways, will not shift the interest liability to their customers' shoulders, this liability is not sufficiently onerous to prejudice capacity to compete. Even assuming the whole industrial debt to be twice the Reparations bonds total, the annual interest of 600,000,000 gold marks would be far more than compensated for by the gain made through the present low wages. The assumption is therefore reasonable that nothing in the Reparations settlement will hamper Germany's competitive ability so far as prices are concerned. Germany is going to undersell, and probably to force down the price-levels and wages of her competitors. But there is no sign that she is going to flood the world with vast quantities of goods. That, indeed, is necessary if Reparations are to be paid to the amounts laid down in the Dawes Plan; but nobody seriously believes that they are going to be so paid. It is impossible to create the required export surplus of 2500 million gold marks on the existing foreign trade of 12,000 millions. That would require at least a doubling of the present volume. Professor Gustav Cassel last month told the merchants of Lübeck that it would require a volume of 27,500 gold marks, or 12,500 millions imports and 15,000 millions exports, which is much more than the pre-war 21,000 million volume. The estimate is reasonable. Neither the present consuming capacity of Europe nor the productive capacity of Germany allows of any such thing; and in this respect the Dawes Report is chimerical.

The facts as to Germany's production of exportable goods cannot be gone into here; it is sufficient to say that whereas in the first seven months of 1913 she exported 3,434,923 metric tons more than she imported of manufactured and unmanufactured iron and steel and wares, — machinery excepted, — in the same months of this year she exported only 100,314 tons more than she imported. The collapse of the other export industries is, of course, nothing like as bad as that; and some export branches, such as paper and rubber goods, are rather better off than before the war. But there is no prospect of Germany's capturing any large volume of British trade in the next few years. If British export trade continues to be depressed, that will probably be because of the decline in customers' consuming power. England, however, may expect that Germany will export to the moderate limit of her capacity at very low prices; that the prices obtained for English goods in the world market will be correspondingly depressed; and that unless English production cost and cost of living decline in turn the English exporter and the English workingman will be much worse off than they are to-day.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LANDSCAPE OF VERGIL[1]

BY G. M. SARGEAUNT

From the *Nineteenth Century and After, November*
(London Conservative Monthly)

The idea of Italian scenery as it exists in the English mind is principally formed from the paintings of the old masters and of our own Turner, filled out in some cases by a few recollections of Vergil or the famous poem of Goethe, in which, as Heine says, he has expressed for northerners the whole spirit of Italy. From illustrated Bibles and prints of Italian paintings we have learned to imagine delicate trees, clear skies, large spaces, and backgrounds of distant hills as forming the essence of southern scenery, while, before the beginning of the nineteenth century, Goethe expressed in romantic form the vision of statue and marble palace, of cypress and orange trees stirred by a gentle breeze beneath a blue sky. And yet the reality is very different from that ideal scenery. Goethe has taken all the scattered elements of romantic beauty and moulded them by the music of his verse into an unforgettable vision of the promised land. The actual traveler finds them all separated; orange and lemon trees — the latter introduced into Italy during the Crusades — grow chiefly along the Riviera coast and in the south; olive groves are rare on the north side of the Apennines; the marble palace is closed and only its façade is visible from a narrow street; the statue is unfeelingly exposed to the public gaze in a museum.

But the magical spell created in our minds by history and the art of the past still abides with us in an altered but equally romantic form, predisposing us to find beauty everywhere. And that indefinable Italian atmosphere, which is the counterpart in reality of the poet's verse and the painter's color, is always there to charm away the hours of slow traveling by the grace with which it invests a landscape, possessing in its own forms the simplicity and harmony of a work of art.

Among the great lovers and singers of Italy Vergil will always hold the place of honor: —

> Hither, as to their fountain, other stars
> Repairing, in their golden urns draw light,
> And hence the morning planet gilds his horns.

And yet that part of his work which deals most intimately with Italian scenery is the most difficult for his readers to appreciate. There are few who enjoy the *Georgics* in later life without having first learned to love Italy by visiting the country and becoming penetrated with her spirit through knowledge of her art and observation of the varieties of her landscape. Interest is often blunted by the difficulties of vocabulary, by our own ignorance of agricultural life, and by the consciousness that his treatment is disconnected and his practical advice long since superseded. We are finally contented

[1] Publication rights in America controlled by the Leonard Scott Publishing Company.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to remember the *Georgics* only by the large 'purple patches,' which emphasize superficially the unevenness of the work and by their rather artificial brilliance prevent us from seeing the deeper revelation of the poet's mind in his interpretation of the ordinary life of the farmer. The forces of nature, morning and evening, light and darkness, the gifts and refusals of the earth, are the same now as in Vergil's time. They are the permanent setting for our life, and by showing them to us under the light of his own imagination Vergil fulfills in Shelley's language the function of the poet, for if we listen to him carefully he purges 'from our inward sight the film of familiarity which obscures from us the wonder of our being.'

Vergil was a lover of the country as well as a 'landscape-lover,' to use Tennyson's phrase, and it is the combination of these two quite distinct qualities that gives the *Georgics* their peculiar fascination. His gift for describing idyllic scenery or historic sites is conspicuous in the *Eclogues* and the *Æneid;* in the *Georgics* that gift is consecrated to more significant purposes. It is not actual or ideal scenery that Vergil describes in these poems, but the processes of nature, and above all else the process of life as men carry it on, sometimes apparently in conflict with nature, at other times with her help. The landscape is never out of relation to man. It is little more than a background, shown in the briefest manner, and strictly relevant to the action of the subject, yet always suggesting, like the backgrounds in the work of the Central Italian painters, the infinite space in which the incidents of life occur, the overhanging sky, the intense heat of summer, the sweep of clouds or wind over the fields, the serenity of cloudless evenings, the influences of sunlight and moonlight.

The greater part of the *Georgics* is occupied with discussions of the nature of certain animals, trees, and crops, on which the farmer's prosperity depends, and with those simple processes of agriculture which we have watched again and again with varying degrees of interest. At first sight it is not an easy poetical theme and, as though he were conscious of this difficulty, Vergil has not hesitated to let himself be drawn into digressions. These digressions are the purple passages of the *Georgics,* in which the superficial reader may find the chief beauty of the poem. Beauty, indeed, they most certainly have, but it is the beauty of an untroubled Eden, of an idyllic Arcadian life forgetful of the burden of the world.

The passages describing the glory and fertility of Italy, the blessings of the farmer's life, the Tarentine garden, appear slightly unreal when read with the main body of a work which is so occupied with the simple and eternal things of the earth and man's tragic struggle for existence. Even those shorter passages of only a few lines with which Vergil variegates and seeks to relieve the severity of his theme, though they may have been welcome to the citizen of Rome, seem rhetorical to an age that looks on nature with a direct gaze. The saffron of Tmolus, the ivory of India, the incense of Sabæa, sound remote and artificial in our ears beside the fields of beans with rattling pods, the crops of slender vetch, the brittle stalks and rustling undergrowth of the 'sour lupine.' We prefer to feel the strong oxen turning up the rich soil, to feel the full heat of the midsummer sun baking the clods into dust, conscious that such things are the enduring substance of life, surviving all temporary modifications or extravagances.

And this consciousness of the im-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

portance and permanence of these simple things comes to us not from any explicit reference, but principally by means of the dignity of Vergil's hexameters. There is everywhere implicit in the *Georgics* that spirit to which Thomas Hardy has given full expression in his poem, 'The Breaking of Nations':—

Only a man harrowing clods,
In a slow silent walk,
With an old horse that stumbles and nods,
Half asleep as they stalk.

Only thin smoke without flame
From the heaps of couch grass:
Yet this will go onward the same
Though dynasties pass.

Yonder a maid and her wight
Come whispering by:
War's annals will cloud into night
Ere their story die.

The solemn utterance of his verse is assisted by another gift, the peculiar possession of great poets, that power of synoptic vision, which Plato considers to be the distinguishing mark of the philosophic mind. Though Vergil's eye may be turned for the moment upon some particular need of soil or seed or tree, practical details are always pervaded by the other influences of nature. The sun and moon, the stars, and the air of heaven give the occasions for ploughing and sowing and reaping. The southwest wind has its secret purpose; the soil is sensitive to heat and frost, and man himself does not understand all the secret forces that work in it. The poor bean and Egyptian lentil depend upon the setting of Boötes. Lucerne and millet must be thought of when the 'sun with Taurus rides.' The vine, the giver of joy and life, must not face toward the setting sun.

An admirable instance of Vergil's power to infuse into the single occurrence the greatness of the whole and to unite all things together in poetic vision is the passage about spring in the second *Georgic*. The idea of spring, even in Vergil's time, had become a somewhat hackneyed theme for poets; yet even in the most conventional part of his description he touches our sensibilities anew by his delicate attribution of human feeling to the swelling seeds and buds, and by the fine image of the fields baring their bosoms to the wooing of the mild west winds:

Zephyrique tepentibus auris
Laxant arva sinus.
(The fields
Unlock their bosoms to the warm west winds.)

But this picture of spring's annual beauty is quickly lost in the sublime imagination of that great creative spring, when 'God first dawned on Chaos' and the earth for the first time was clothed with grass and flowers. The few lines that describe this vision have all the vastness and majesty of Milton's inspiration, and at the close he achieves a sublime brevity that Milton never accomplished, throwing the creation of the first three days into one line: —

Inmissæque feræ silvis et sidera cælo.
(And wild beasts thronged the woods, and stars the heaven.)

There is in such utterance the same power that we feel in the Divine command, 'Let there be light,' so that even Milton's splendid line, —

And sowed the heavens with stars thick as a field,

does not give the same thrill of power.

By this sudden reference to its mysterious beginning the wonder of the earth here and now is brought close to us, and we are sharply awakened to the deeper significance of each 'revolving spring,' when the hardness of existence is for a brief space mitigated, and the spirit of life has a chance to develop. For here, too, as in many

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

other places in Vergil and in his predecessor Lucretius, the pathos of existence, as an unequal struggle in a world whose vital forces are failing, is revealed. We become, strangely enough, most conscious of the fragility of human things, of the uncertainty of the earth's assistance, by this aspect of spring as the moment when the plants and seeds, upon which man's life depends, have a brief remission from their struggle for existence and can grow in confidence. Man must increase his efforts to assist the failing power of the earth, so as to produce that from which her children live.

These have I seen degenerate, did not man
Put forth his hand with power, and year by year
Choose out the largest. So, by fate impelled,
Speed all things to the worse and backward borne
Glide from us.

This life of toil, though ideally man imagines his happiness to rest in remission from it, is really that in which such happiness as is possible for him is to be won. He must learn to wait upon the seasons, to acquiesce in the wider laws of the natural world. If at any moment he pauses, thinking he has achieved a happiness that can be enjoyed apart from the process of life, the imagined treasure dissolves into thin air within his arms. His fate is symbolized in the parting of Eurydice and Orpheus: —

Immemor heu! victusque animi respexit; ibi omnis
Effusus labor.

(But even with the look,
Poured out was all his labor, broken the bond
Of that fell tyrant.)

Everywhere in the *Georgics*, except in the digressions, the Italian country is for Vergil the scene of labor. The nobler animals, the horse and the ox, seem consciously to assist man, and in one place, at least, Vergil remonstrates with the earth — *iustissima tellus* — for showing no consideration of their simple and toilsome lives. This presumed sensibility gives a wonderful pathos to those lines in which he meditates on the death of the ploughing ox: —

What now
Besteads him toil or service? To have turned
The heavy sod with ploughshare? And yet these
Ne'er knew the Massic wine god's baneful boon,
Nor twice replenished banquets; but on leaves
They fare, and virgin grasses, and their cups
The crystal springs and streams with running tired,
Their healthful slumbers never broke by care.

Exercita cursa flumina; the very streams share in the labors of man and beast.

It is as a setting for the life of toil that we become familiar with the various aspects of the landscape which Vergil loved. The countryside of the *Georgics* is not exclusively taken from the Lombardy plain, and the view is gaining ground that he freely mingled features from the life of South Italy both in the *Georgics* and the *Eclogues*. When he is writing most intimately of the country he becomes most universal and timeless, dwelling on details which seem common to all lands. Of course he can also describe the distinctive features of the southern landscape, but through the greater part of the *Georgics* we feel that his countryside, like the backgrounds in Perugino's or Raphael's pictures, is almost northern in its subdued and tranquil beauty. In the course of the farmer's year we learn to feel the full significance of many aspects of Nature, which we can all appreciate: the shortening days and mellow heat of autumn; the chill rain and driven clouds of late autumn; the snow and ice of winter, when the farmer is kept indoors and lamps are lit early; the appearance of heavy storm-clouds; the sea birds blown inland before rough weather; the forests bending

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

beneath the north wind; the varying brightness of the moon and stars; the sodden wretchedness of the fields after great rain; the last leaves fluttering to the ground in the wood or vineyard after an autumn frost.

And within these larger and universal forms of landscape he places those brief descriptions, often only a line or two, in which recollection and reality are woven together into the perfect harmony of rhythmical utterance. This gift of the 'lonely word' or line is the quality which has made Vergil peculiarly dear to lovers of Italy, who find in him the ideal interpreter of scenery, which has a definite spiritual quality for their eyes. The real felicity of such lines can be realized only by those who have enjoyed in a detached mood the scenes that he evokes. The lines seem to carry in themselves not only the fullness of actual life, but something more, a mysterious overvalue, too deep for words, by means of which this single incident possesses the whole joy and burden of life. Who that has once seen in Italy the oxen slowly dragging the plough through the spaces between the rows of vines can fail to recognize the perfect adequacy of his line: —

Flectere luctantes inter vineta iuvencos,
(Ply up and down
Your laboring bullocks through the vineyard's midst,)

while at the same time the rhythm and alliteration raise it far above the plane of simple description. And the same thing takes place in that other picture of the harvesting, when the laden wagons roll slowly homeward from the fields: —

Nulloque ex æquore cernes
Plura domum tardis decedere plaustra invencis,
(From no field
More wains thou'lt see wend home with plodding steers,)

and the season of the vintage, when

Mitis in apricis coquitur vindemia saxis,
(On sunny rocks the mellowing vintage bakes,)

where in each case the sound of the line carries us out from the particular occasion into the serenity of artistic experience. And who has ever expressed more perfectly the slow progress of a day of perfect weather among the flocks in summer: the coolness of dawn, the cropping of the grass, the gathering heat, the delight of deep shadow; and at sunset the freshening influence of the dew, the rising of the moon, and the evening song of the birds heard where the cliffs break down to the sea?

Vergil's variety is infinite, and even in his feeling toward landscape we must distinguish different modes of self-expression. Most apparent in the *Georgics* is that serious and significant interpretation of the earth, not only as the scene of man's effort, but as an element of that life, inseparably connected with his misery or happiness. The earth is a necessary part in the design of life. In the *Eclogues*, on the other hand, and in one famous passage in the second *Georgic*, — the eulogy of the farmer's life, — Vergil strikes the frankly idyllic and artificial note of Arcadian existence. In these places we feel that he is describing a country life not as it actually is, but as it might appeal to the imagination of a tired and confined city-dweller. The toil and anxiety and disappointment of the farmer are hidden from view, and he is seen in the midst of a happy family, in fair summer weather, enjoying the fruits of his land, while in the *Eclogues* the loveliness of Nature and the delight of spring weather beside clear streams is the setting for the lover's suit.

His models in this manner of writing were the Greek Bucolic poets, but the Roman language even in Vergil's hands was incapable of reproducing the lightness and swiftness of the Greek

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thought and rhythm that makes us pass over the artificiality of much of Theocritus's best work in virtue of the complete harmony of form and content. The heavier cadence of the Latin hexameter could never maintain the buoyancy and varied grace of the famous 'Harvesting' in Cos, which may almost disguise for us the fact that it is, after all, an experience of townsmen, to whom the real joy and significance of the country are denied. The deeper emotion of the *Georgics* is far beyond the compass of Theocritus's nature, while Vergil does not convince us of the careless happiness of his Arcadia. The landscape in which he places the shepherds of the *Eclogues* is charming and idyllic; the sun is always shining; the clear streams murmur gently between green banks; the cool cave, or the fresh grass beneath the poplar invite song or sleep.

Hic ver perpetuum, varios hic flumina circum
Fundit humus flores, hic candida populus antro
Imminet et lentæ texunt umbracula vites;
Huc ades; insani feriant sine litora fluctus.

(Here glows the Spring, here Earth
Beside the streams pours forth a thousand flowers;
Here the white poplar bends above the cave,
And the lithe vine weaves shadowy covert: come,
Leave the mad waves to beat upon the shore.)

But there always remains something of the *décor de théâtre* about these scenes. Think, for instance, in the eulogy of the farmer's life, of the contrast between the idyllic picture of the happy family for whom

The year o'erflows with fruit,
Or young of kine, or Ceres' wheaten sheaf,
With crops the furrow loads, and burst the barns,

and the serious effort of the line with which that description commences

Agricola incurvo terram dimovit aratro.
(The husbandman
With hooked ploughshare turns the soil.)

This line is pregnant with the ceaseless struggle against opposing forces, with the dignity of the toiling life so much more real than the 'broad-acred ease' — *latis otia fundis* — of the gentleman farmer, which Vergil dwells on at such length. And the same air of artificiality hangs over his prayer to be transported to

Spercheius and Taygete,
By Spartan maids o'er reveled! Oh, for one
Would set me in deep dells of Hæmus cool.

For the moment the serious things of life are forgotten and the poet's fancy plays with the thought of a blissful Arcadian existence, though in the depth of his heart — and most of the *Georgics* and *Æneid* bears witness to it — he knew that the highest value of life was to be found in something very different.

Redit agricolis labor actus in orbem
Atque in se sua per vestigia volvitur annus.

(Round on the laborer spins the wheel of toil,
As on its own track rolls the circling year.)

And then there are the directly descriptive lines or passages where the poet dwells for a moment on some part of Italy or on some historic spot within the Roman Empire. This is the poetry of reminiscence, effective principally for those who have visited the place, or know its nature from literary tradition, and like to have the spirit as well as the predominant physical appearance of the place given to them in precise poetical form.

Arduus inde Acragas ostentat maxima longe
Mœnia magnanimum quondam generator equorum.
(Thence towering Acragas displays afar
Her mighty walls, once breeder of braver steeds.)

In the southern landscape, which is so devoid of superfluities, a single epithet has a much higher value than in more confused scenery. The visitor to Girgenti who has walked along that line of ruined temples, built on a ridge high above the sea, will not want more local color than the lonely adjective *arduus* gives in those two lines. But

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Vergil knew also that the significance of places for human beings is not exhausted by topographical detail. He weaves into his descriptions a sentiment of the life of places, of the sadness of mortality that invests not only the magnificence of the past, but the strength of the present. He suggests the glory of Girgenti and the beauty of its ruins by the memory of the horses who had often won prizes at the games in Greece for their princely masters:

Magnanimum quondam generator equorum.

And in the same manner his praise of Italy in the second *Georgic* is appreciated most profoundly by those who know the country. It was only after visiting Lake Garda that Goethe, and Tennyson after him, realized the fullness of Vergil's

Fluctibus et fremitu assurgens, Benace, marino;

and the reader who is unfamiliar with the hill towns of Umbria and in the valley of the Tiber can never experience all the magic of those two lines:

Tot congesta manu præruptos oppida saxis,
Fluminaque antiquos subterlabentia muros.
(Town on town
Up rugged precipices heaved and reared
And rivers undergliding ancient walls.)

The great catalogue of Italian places in the second half of the seventh *Æneid* shows a patriotic love of his country no less than an appreciation of its landscape. For himself and the Romans of that period the passage must also have been full of pathos, for many of those towns whose beauty and warlike spirit are celebrated had become deserted or fallen from their high estate to be humble villages; their temples and the old-fashioned worship of their gods were no longer maintained. Yet if the works of man have wasted away, the divine presences, of whom the legends tell, still linger in the countryside; the fertility of the earth still remains; the bond of sympathy which exists between a land and its children still subsists as in the old days when

Te nemus Angitiæ, vitrea te Fucinus unda
Te liquidi flevere lacus.
(Wept for thee
Angitia's grove, for thee the glassy wave
Of Fucinus, the crystal pools for thee.)

This part of the *Æneid* gives a wider and truer picture of Italy than the panegyric in the second *Georgic;* it is the Italy that corresponds to the vision of it in the mind of the northern visitor. Mountains and rocky peaks, clear lakes, hills covered with the vine or the olive tree, winding rivers, thick woods, and gorges and upland pastures,

et Cimini cum monte lacum lucosque Capenas.
(The lake
and hill of Ciminus and Capena's groves.)

And just as all the places were sanctified for Vergil by patriotic tradition, so the modern traveler does not simply see the actual scene of the moment. The most prosaic and unhistorical tourist cannot help seeing it through a thin veil of romance, while others, more immersed in the art or the history of Rome and Italy, yield themselves willingly to the influences of imagination and Nature, and become absorbed in the mysterious significance of the past. And actually for many travelers the enchantment of Italy lies in its power to secure forgetfulness of the present by a landscape in which the past lives on victoriously with the present. The power of the Eternal City is spread over all Italy.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE STOLEN CAMERA

BY 'JABB' (LATE OF THE INTELLIGENCE CORPS)

From the *Army Quarterly, January*
(British Military Journal)

Even in such an assembly of peculiar temperaments and eccentric personalities as the headquarter mess of the Intelligence officers of the British Expeditionary Force, Lieutenant Monson had speedily come to be regarded as an 'odd fish.' He had spent only three weeks with us at General Headquarters on his first arrival in France late in 1915, yet that short stay had been enough to establish firmly his reputation as a freak.

'Mungo,' as he was always known throughout the Intelligence Section in France, was a lanky, ginger-haired Scotsman, gifted with a brilliant intellect, but possessed of untidy habits and of slovenly manners. He was always badly turned out. He also seemed incapable of putting his ideas on paper in any form that would be understood by ordinary beings. But there was worse behind that: he was ever on the verge of being rude to the great ones of the Army. For the ordinary captains and majors of the General Staff he professed an outspoken disdain. But not even a Divisional or Corps Commander would have escaped a scorching, contemptuous smile if he could not straightway understand what Mungo meant to convey by the synecdoches, ellipses, and zeugmas which he used to submit in the place of a 'brief report in plain English.' He could never have been popular so long as he pursued these peculiarities.

But the man was a genius at examining recalcitrant or morose prisoners of war. So Colonel Mainwaring of the Twenty-fifth Corps would never willingly have parted with Mungo, once he had discovered his virtues. In fact, he came to be truly fond of the strange creature. But he knew how to treat and to use him. He never expected Mungo to present him with a report on paper when giving the results of an investigation. He would call for him and listen to him. Mungo on these occasions could be terse and clear, and very seldom emitted an opinion that was not amply supported by subsequent events.

It was soon after the discovery of Mungo's talents that his reputation was fixed for all time by a now classic episode. The Corps Commander, accompanied by Colonel Mainwaring, had come to look at a large batch of freshly taken prisoners in their compound. Prisoners, of course, were rare during the early months of 1916, and a good haul was worth the attention of even a very important general. Hearing loud sobbing and lamentations issuing from the guard hut at the entrance to the prisoners' camp, the Corps Commander looked inside. His wonder grew into stupefaction when he saw at one side of a table our friend Mungo, with two lusty Germans facing him on the other. All three were seated, and tears and sobs were the order of the day. It would have been hard to say which of this company was making the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

most noise. In between their paroxysms of grief, each one of the party appeared to be contributing odd sentences of lamentation to the common fund of woe. At the actual moment when the General looked in on them Mungo had just finished capping the prisoners' tales of misery, and was volubly cursing the war in German, bewailing the death in battle of his father, four brothers, six uncles, and thirty-two first cousins. The picture was completed by two immaculate military policemen leaning up against the wall in fits of uncontrolled mirth.

The General was growing angry, but Colonal Mainwaring whispered to him and managed to draw him back out of the hut. No sooner was he outside than he found his tongue. 'Mainwaring,' he exploded, 'I insist on that young cub being instantly arrested and courtmartialed for conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman. You will see to it at once, please.'

Mainwaring, however, perfectly well realized that Mungo was not indulging in such antics for nothing, so he did his best to appease offended omnipotence — with success. Mungo's subsequent report of this doleful interview proved of sufficient value for him to be duly forgiven. But little misunderstandings and eccentricities of this nature did not tend toward promotion or rewards, so Mungo was never 'recommended' for further notice and advancement.

The months went by, and we were nearly at the end of the Somme fighting. The Corps with which Mungo was serving had done well; the staffs were pleased with themselves, and the great ones were already looking forward to the next Gazette. The Corps Commander was taking a week's rest by medical orders at Le Touquet, leaving his senior Divisional General in charge of the formation. It was, however, indispensable that there should occur no setback to the achievements of the Corps, which might mar the good opinions which it had already won. To this end, the staff had been very anxious to get wind of any possible German counterattack against the present front, which was admitted as being somewhat weak. No information that could be interpreted as pointing that way had been obtained; all seemed pretty quiet. The possibility of any such hostile movement had consequently come to be considered as negligible.

At this juncture it happened one day that a German airplane crashed well within our lines and some six miles in advance of the Twenty-fifth Corps headquarters. These German machines, at the close of the Somme fighting, had grown very shy and were seldom seen. The enemy's aviation was, as a matter of fact, at a very low ebb, so that the occurrence itself, no less than the distance within our lines at which it had taken place, was of importance. Mungo, being at the time at Corps headquarters, was the first to hear the news of the crash from Colonel Mainwaring, who forthwith instructed him to examine the wreck and the aviators — if these should be still alive — without loss of time. Being a bold motorcyclist, it did not take Mungo very long to be scorching over a very bad road to the wrecked machine.

On his arrival he found the enemy plane to be a two-seater of recent design. The two aviators were lying on the grass close by under guard. The pilot was seriously injured and half-unconscious, while the observer was badly shaken and not able to stand. The wreck had luckily not taken fire. Mungo knew his work, and soon set about searching his prisoners. Having collected all their papers and purses, he next turned to the machine. After finding the various gauges and impor-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tant instruments and jotting down all their readings in his notebook, he pulled the wreckage apart, being soon rewarded by the finding of an aërial camera of what he thought to be a novel design. It was long and heavy, and fitted with an elaborate magazine in which, so the indicator showed, at least fifteen exposures had been made. These, he knew, might prove of great value in revealing the points which were interesting the enemy.

A motor ambulance having now arrived, the two captured aviators were quickly transferred thereto on stretchers, whereupon the vehicle drove off to the nearest medical post. Then Mungo collected the instruments, gauges, machine-gun, and camera, placed them in a heap clear of the wreckage, and ordered the corporal of military police, who had come to take charge of the captured machine, to forbid any tampering with these articles. He then went off on his motor-bicycle in order to summon a vehicle to call for his trophies. Having reached Bassincourt and accomplished this task, he went into the mess, had tea, and then studied the captured papers. He next proceeded to the casualty clearing station, where the prisoners lay, in order to examine them. This proved a fairly easy task, neither man being in a fit condition to resist any questioning in his own tongue. The doctors, however, forbade him to prolong the interview beyond five minutes. He was told he might return early next morning. Still, he had already learned enough from the prisoners to realize that, with the help of the photographs taken out of the airplane, he might piece together a valuable statement. This being the case, he thought he would return to the wreck on his bicycle, pick up the camera, and take steps to have the negatives developed without a moment's delay.

On reaching the site of the crashed machine, Mungo was much perturbed by seeing two motor-cars drawn up not far away on the grass. Worse still, a general officer, assisted by half a dozen staff and other officers, was turning over the wreckage. The three military policemen stood there, looking on somewhat foolishly, in spite of their orders to prevent any access to the airplane till the flying experts had seen it.

Mungo's feelings were still further upset when he found that the chief malefactor, as he inwardly stigmatized him, was no other than Major-General Roderick, the temporary Commander of the Corps. The reason for the behavior of the policemen was now patent to him. General Roderick was most distinctly one of the new 'blood and iron' school of leaders. He had achieved a reputation for personal bravery and daring, first as a battalion, and then as a brigade commander. His consequent promotion had been remarkably rapid, and was the reward of sheer hard fighting. And he looked the part — thick-set, with a ruddy face, keen gray eyes, a shock of red hair, and scrubby moustache. In contrast to his looks, he was both scrupulously careful of his personal appearance, and punctilious as to military etiquette. His language, nevertheless, more often descended to the level of the camp than it rose to the daintiness of the boudoir. He was, in short, a child of the war. But he was popular with the troops, for he was known to visit his trenches every other day. So his nickname of 'The Red Bear' had become familiar to every British soldier in Flanders. On the other hand, Roderick had the failings of his qualities, chief of all a violent dislike of the brain-working soldier. It was but a corollary to this mentality that he should entertain a profound contempt for the Intelligence Staff, and still more for all Intelligence

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

officers, such as they nearly all were at this period. General Roderick called them, generically and crudely, 'the misbegotten progeny of a parrot and a monkey: from the former they get their gift of tongues, from the latter their cleverness.' Not one of them, he estimated, was fit to command a platoon; not one of them was earning an honest day's pay.

It was not surprising, therefore, that Mungo should nourish an antipathy toward the Red Bear which in virulence was equal to the sum total of that entertained by him against all the rest of the general officers whom he knew. In General Roderick's breast, on the other hand, the sight of Mungo produced an ebullition of every prejudice that was ever cherished by an officer of the very oldest school against one whom he jibed at in public as an errand boy masquerading in officer's uniform.

Mungo dreaded the occasions when he had to visit Roderick's divisional headquarters, for he always managed to run into him, with the unfailing result that the sight of his clumsy salute was enough to set the sparks flying off the Red Bear's tongue.

But this was no moment for squeamishness; so Mungo walked boldly up to the wreck to pick up the camera and take it to the nearest photographic section. He saluted the General in an even more slipshod manner than usual, then started to look for the pile of trophies which he had placed to one side only an hour and a half ago.

The Red Bear, after making some jocular comment concerning the Intelligence officer's appearance, turned to his staff and to the wreckage once more.

Mungo by this time had walked about until he had at last discovered what had once been his little pile of treasures. He gasped at the sight. Gone was the camera, and vanished were the gauges; only some dull-looking articles remained. Recovering from his amazement, he turned angrily to the corporal of military police. 'Corps Commander's orders, sir,' was all the reply he could extract, in a low tone, from the man. But that was enough. He now remembered only too well that the General, like many another simple-minded soldier of his type, was an enthusiastic curio-hunter, and that his staff officers had become infected with the same craze. Suspecting the truth, Mungo walked straight to the two motor-cars, and there in one of them he soon caught sight of the object of his search lying wrapped in a rug. Without a moment's hesitation he stepped on to the running-board and bent over the door to lift out his lost treasure. No sooner had he caught hold of it, and was about to raise it clear of the car, than two hands caught him roughly by the shoulders. The camera fell back from his grasp, and Mungo found himself twisted round facing General Roderick's sturdy aide-de-camp on one hand and a grinning Army Service Corps sergeant on the other. Two other staff officers were rushing up, and Mungo saw that he was outmatched. But this was not all. The Red Bear himself came striding over toward him, his moustache bristling as though from an oncoming electrical disturbance.

'Lieutenant Monson!' — the storm began to rumble — 'You will go back at once to Bassincourt and report yourself to Colonel Mainwaring as being under open arrest by my orders, until I arrive at Corps headquarters to-morrow.'

Mungo nearly wept with rage. 'Sir, I want my camera; I must have my camera!' He became almost childish under the effects of his emotion. It was indeed a blow; here was a priceless Intelligence case about to be ruined by the caprice of a General whom he

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hated. From childish he soon grew furious. But his foolish remarks, spoken almost unconsciously, had already drawn the inevitable lightning.

'Your camera!' — it was coming crescendo — 'What do you mean, you mannerless young lout? Don't you know that pillaging is a serious military offence? Even you Intelligence officers might know that.'

The tension was growing even more than Mungo could stand. In an instant he recovered his spirit and blazed forth: —

'You thief! You dirty old thief! Give me my camera!'

This outburst was too much for the Red Bear, who up till then had controlled himself, as was his wont when truly roused. Now he fairly roared with real anger, but this time not directly at Mungo.

'Houghton,' he addressed his nearest staff officer, 'take the second car; make this young officer follow it on his bicycle to Corps headquarters, and hand him over to the A. P. M. to be detained under close arrest. Take him off!'

With that he climbed into his own car, glaring at Mungo. Two of his staff followed, and he ordered the chauffeur to return to Divisional headquarters by some roundabout route which the little group left alongside the airplane did not overhear.

Mungo, now left with Major Houghton, his escort, immediately realized the gravity of the situation. His own clumsiness of expression had given the General every reason to be angry; it had put him in the wrong, and he saw little chance of redress. Had he only been more self-possessed and spoken politely, he would have held a strong card to play against the General. He might even have turned the tables on him, with every chance of scoring heavily off his pet aversion.

But real chagrin at the checkmate thus imposed on his Intelligence case overpowered all other feelings. Major Houghton, who knew full well the high opinion entertained of his Intelligence officer by Colonel Mainwaring, felt truly sorry for the crestfallen figure in front of him. He realized, also, that the General's whole action had not been above criticism. Sympathy with Mungo moved him to interpret somewhat widely the Red Bear's angry order.

'Monson,' he said, 'I'm sorry, but it's got to be done. I'll do what I can to let you off light, but I cannot do more. Get on to that bike of yours, and go back to your quarters at Bassincourt, and make your number with the A. P. M. by 9 A.M. sharp to-morrow. I'll tell him when to expect you. Off you go!' With that he went to his car, picked up the remaining two officers who had come with the General, and drove off.

Mungo could think quickly, and his plans were soon laid. Have that camera he must and would. At the moment, as he looked up, he saw a speck in a cloud of dust vanishing over the crest some three miles on toward the front. Now Mungo knew the Corps Sector backward and forward, and he was also familiar with the General's routine, for he always tried to avoid meeting him whenever he went about on his duties. He straightway conjectured, from the movements of the motor, that Roderick, having two hours to put in before returning to dine at his headquarters, was going to visit the heavy-artillery positions. This directed his line of action. He jumped on to his motor-bicycle and rode at breakneck speed along the potholed road which the General's car had taken at a far easier pace. Four miles farther on he inquired of a military policeman whether a headquarters car had gone by. 'Yes, sir,' came the welcome and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

intelligent answer, 'ten minutes ago. A general officer went down to the heavy guns a short distance to the left of the road. There were three officers and a driver in the car.'

It was now clear to Mungo that General Roderick was indeed going to do the round of the guns before turning in to dine at his château. The task was consequently simple. Soon after, Mungo pulled up, just in time to avoid being seen by the General himself as he came back from a brigade that was firing an occasional round at the enemy. The car resumed its course along a crossroad, and Mungo kept well behind the cloud of dust; he could afford to do so, since he now knew the road. A mile on, the car stopped again; Mungo dismounted and approached it on foot. Its occupants had evidently gone off to another brigade. But, to Mungo's disgust, the driver remained in his seat for twenty minutes, while his masters remained absent. On their return another move was at length made, and yet another halt. This time Mungo's luck was in. Five minutes after the General had dismounted, the driver strolled off to a billet of gunners some hundred yards distant. 'So the Red Bear is going to be absent for some time,' thought Mungo. Then, waiting a few minutes to make sure that the driver had really gone into the half-ruined house with the intention of staying there, he made straight for the car. Under the rug at the back he found the camera, and seized it eagerly.

But, even as he set his hand upon it, the thought flashed through his brain that, if he took the camera, its loss would lead to an instant investigation and a telephonic inquiry to Corps headquarters. There was but one thing to do — to take off the changing-box and trust to luck for its absence passing undetected.

Quickly he attempted to free the box from the long, clumsy apparatus. But his quivering fingers could not find the catch. He was afraid to lift the whole contrivance out of the car and place it on the ground. Then, unexpectedly, something gave way; he had pressed upon the release on one side. But how did it work? He hardly knew. Next, by dint of tugging and pressing, one side came clear. Another try, he thought, would release the remaining catch and he would be off. All of a sudden there came a distant shout: 'Sergeant Templer! Sergeant Templer!' — it was the A. D. C's voice — 'bring the General's car up the hill.' Like the cut of a whip the sound urged him to action. With a wrench and a crack the box was off, but one side of the rabbet of the retaining frame was smashed and came away with his prize in his hand. Feverishly he picked up the broken bit, dropped the camera, and covered it once more with the rug. Would the missing box be noticed? Would the broken frame with its jagged aluminium edge disclose the loss? There was not a moment for him to attempt to answer his own thoughts.

He had but time to jump away from the car when the A. D. C. came running down the hill. Sergeant Templer, also, being at length warned by his friends, appeared from his lair. Fortunately, the A. D. C. was far too much preoccupied with the truant Templer to think of the camera, still less to look for the conscious-stricken Monson, who had dropped with the precious box, now under his jacket, into a friendly shell-crater some fifteen yards away. The car soon drove off with the A. D. C. anathematizing the luckless Templer. Truly, so ruminated the latter, the General had played him false, for in the time he could not have gone up to the guns and returned. Roderick, in fact, had not done so, for he had met the brigade commander, whom he

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wished to see, some way in rear of his batteries.

Mungo, feeling more like an escaping burglar than he had ever imagined would be the case with himself, had soon decamped on his machine. But the question now was where to go. His Corps headquarters was not safe, that was clear, for he would find himself confined to his room on returning to Bassincourt. Well, he must try the Thirty-first Corps. It was true it lay some miles distant, and the roads were bad for night riding; but, then, he had some good friends in the Intelligence mess over there. So he went.

At three o'clock next morning a very tired-looking figure appeared on a motor-bicycle at the field ambulance where the two captured aviators had been brought the preceding afternoon. The machine had no lamp, and the rider seemed to have met with a rough and muddy passage. After speaking to the orderly on duty, he threw himself down for some hours on some blankets in the operation marquee. At 6.30 A.M. the traveler reappeared. It was Mungo, who, filthily dirty but with a faint gleam of triumph in his tired eye, pulled out from his pocket a set of hastily produced bromide prints which he carefully studied with his maps under the lamp. 'Well,' he said to himself with a chuckle, 'the Thirty-first Corps people will never let me into their mess again if they find me out over all the stories I had to invent to get this little job through!'

The doctor on duty, being familiar with Mungo and his workings, allowed him to go in and interview the two Germans once more. One was rapidly returning to complete consciousness and lucidity, but his condition was critical. The other had not yet recovered his mental balance sufficiently to refuse information. Between the two of them, and with the help of his photographs, Mungo spent a half-hour of breathless interest. When the doctors at last turned him out, the information he had acquired decided him to try one last gamble and visit the forward prisoners' cage at Mourdillet. Time was indeed short, if he meant to be at Bassincourt by 9 A.M., but the attempt seemed to him to be fully worth the risk. Fortune smiled for once, while for twenty minutes he interviewed four of the latest arrivals in the cage. Then, his mind at rest and filled with valuable information, he managed to reach the Bassincourt mess with an almost empty petrol tank, just in time to report to the A. P. M. at a few minutes before nine. He then retired to his quarters and fell into his bed, where he slept till eleven.

After some difficulty he managed to get Colonel Mainwaring to come to see him soon after that hour. The Colonel found him sitting on his bed, dirty, unshaved, and half-dressed; his uniform lay on the floor thick with mud and oil; his hands were black.

Having already heard from Houghton the full story of Mungo's escapade on the previous day, Mainwaring was taking things seriously. The dirty state in which he found his Intelligence officer did not mollify his outraged sense of military propriety.

'Monson,' he began very sternly, 'give me a full explanation of your actions yesterday afternoon. Please tell me, also, why you are in such a filthy condition.'

Mungo, somewhat nettled at this mode of address, soon gave his version of the encounter with General Roderick. He then went on to narrate his subsequent movements during the night. Mainwaring listened attentively. Finally, on seeing the photographs which Mungo now put before him, all trace of irritation vanished.

'Be ready to come to see the General

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as soon as I send for you.' With these words he picked up the prints and disappeared.

Five minutes later, Smithson, another Intelligence officer attached to Corps headquarters, appeared with a broad grin on his face. 'Well, old mongoose,' he began, 'I've been sent by Mainwaring to come and see you have a bath and scrub your hands. You 've got to put on clean uniform and boots, so as to be ready to meet the old Red Bear. Mainwaring, so I guessed from his tone, evidently thinks you're in for it, old bird! So look sharp and have your bath, there's a good child!'

It was not until after lunch that the office orderly came to present Colonel Mainwaring's compliments to Lieutenant Monson with the request that the latter should forthwith come to see the General. Feeling somewhat uncomfortable within, but outwardly unusually spruce, Mungo obeyed the order. Overcome by a sense of utter helplessness, he opened the door of the office, and found General Roderick and Colonel Mainwaring waiting for him. An awkward moment ensued, but the silence was soon broken by the General requesting Mainwaring to leave him with Monson. Having thus eased the situation, Roderick, in an unwontedly mild manner, thus addressed the Intelligence officer: —

'Mr. Monson, I desire to hear from you in detail what you did yesterday afternoon and during the night since I saw you last. I wish you to conceal absolutely nothing from me — on pain of my extreme displeasure.'

So Mungo began somewhat lamely to explain his visit to the wrecked airplane. His words came haltingly, and Roderick's face clouded. With a gesture of impatience he tossed aside some papers in front of him. As he did so, he laid bare one of the photographs that Mungo had worked so hard to obtain. The sight of that print instantly aroused in Mungo all the instincts of the Intelligence officer, and he suddenly began recounting his whole tale in that clear and concise way which Mainwaring appreciated so highly.

The General's manner slowly changed. He looked at the young man with growing interest, as he heard the reasoning which had led to the whole sequence of his actions since he had left the wrecked airplane. The story finished with full details of how he had reached Bassincourt just in time to report to the A. P. M. at the stated hour. A slight smile crossed the Red Bear's countenance, then he spoke: 'Mr. Monson, you will report yourself to Colonel Mainwaring on leaving here. Please tell him, also, that I wish to see him now.' In a slightly embarrassed tone he added: 'You will kindly forget what occurred yesterday afternoon. By the way, the camera and the rest of the staff went to the R. F. C. depot this morning.'

Later on, after tea, Mainwaring sent for Mungo and gave him his daily instructions. Not a word being said about arrest, Mungo was not such a fool as to ask any questions. So three days went by as if nothing had occurred to ruffle the smooth course of his existence.

In the meantime various things were happening on the front. The enemy suddenly awoke from his lethargic attitude. The Twenty-fifth Corps, however, seemed to be prepared for certain grave emergencies; some stubborn night-fighting ensued; artillery reinforcements moved up; then, after more activity, the Germans gave ground and their attacking mood subsided.

The Corps Commander, who had now returned from Le Touquet, appeared immensely gratified with the progress of events. Two days after

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

resuming his command he sent for Mungo. The interview proved most gratifying to the latter, for, in the presence of the staff, he was complimented on his work, which had proved a substantial reason for the failure of the sudden German attack. At General Roderick's own recommendation Lieutenant Monson's name was sent forward for the Military Cross.

The whole incident became known that same night in the G. H. Q. Intelligence mess, which naturally was deeply stirred by the news. Mungo was lauded to the skies by his compeers, who appreciated his abilities; and the story of how he had won the Military Cross 'for calling the redoubtable Red Bear a dirty thief to his face,' was repeated outside many times over.

Two days later Lieutenant Monson received a telephonic invitation to dine at General Roderick's headquarters that night. He was actually sent there by Colonel Mainwaring in a General Staff car, after having been inspected 'to see whether he was fit to appear at a General's table.' Mungo snorted inwardly, but he was beginning to recognize that it was time to reform some of his lackadaisical methods of dress. The dinner was both short and peaceful. Mungo sat between a doctor and the A. D. C.; his behavior passed muster. Before departing he took leave of his host, who, shaking him by the hand, then thanked him before the remaining guests for the valuable information he had supplied him with while in temporary command of the Corps. He ended his remarks by saying: 'Your assistance was most valuable, and I thank you for it. But for your timely information, things might have gone wrong. As I was in temporary command of the Corps, that would have spelt ruin as far as my future is concerned.'

On his way home in the car Monson was staring into the beam of the headlight and thinking: 'Really, if the old Bear had n't played the utter fool that afternoon and pinched that camera I should have done the job without the slightest trouble, and the result would have been identically the same, as far as I can see; but I should certainly not have got a single word of thanks for it — and, what is more, no M. C. Well, well, the Red Bear is a good sort after all; perhaps I 've been a bit of an ass not to see it. I think I must get a pair of field boots and decent breeches. It 'll pay me!'

Curiously enough, at that time General Roderick was soliloquizing during the process of pulling on his pyjamas: 'A near shave that. Old Fritz spotted the weak suit in what I thought a topping no-trumper. Thanks to that boy's information, I shoved up those two brigades just in time. The heavies from Army Reserve got in at the right moment. Thank heavens it came off. It may lead to a K. C. B., who knows? Queer people those Intelligence officers, but they can be jolly useful at a pinch — perhaps I have not made friends with them enough or treated them quite right. Yes, they are as clever as monkeys — after all, there may be a good strain of sheepdog in them. Well, anyway, at least one of them has got it, not to mention a dash of the jackdaw.' And he rolled into bed.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE ANCESTRY OF THE NOVEL

From the *Times Literary Supplement, November* 13
(LONDON WEEKLY)

[THIS article appears apropos of Ernest A. Baker's *History of the English Novel.*]

WHAT is a novel? Everybody knows, nobody can say. The thing is all around us, recognizable in a moment, distinguishable at a glance from other forms of the art of letters. And what is it exactly that distinguishes it? The answer is by no means obvious. Something happened in the eighteenth century to the ancient art of story-telling — for, if we use the word as we commonly understand it, the novel had no settled existence before the days of Defoe and Richardson and Fielding. These men invented a new manner of dealing with a story; and the new manner caught the taste of the world so quickly and precisely that it leaped into popularity everywhere, spread from land to land and from language to language, was inherited and developed by fresh generations of story-tellers; till after two hundred years the novel is established as the most familiar, most prolific of literary forms, the natural and inevitable form to use if a story is to be told. It allows, we have found, of immense variety in the handling. To keep to our own tongue only, Scott and Jane Austen, Thackeray and Charlotte Brontë, Meredith and Stevenson, each made of the novel something special and peculiar, differing from the fashion of another; each renewed it to his liking. Yet the one word is the word for all their books: *Waverley* is a novel, and so is *The Egoist*; *Persuasion* is a novel, and so is *Catriona*. Some quality runs in common among them all, separating them from the stories of other days, the fables and yarns and romances with which the world had been filled for so many a century. And what is that quality?

Fewer novelists, fewer critics, have tried to answer the question than might have been expected. The theory of the novel has not received a great deal of attention, considering the novel's pride of place among us. It appeared too late, it lacked the dignity of classical frequentations. The schools of academic criticism were out of favor, had indeed almost ceased to be, when the novel entered the field. The nature of an epic poem or a tragedy had been debated and talked out to exhaustion; anybody could define the accepted norm in such things, could measure the fidelity to it, the departure from it, in this or that particular case. The old forms had passed again and again through the mill of critical examination and were known. But then arose the novel, with no credential from ancient writers, with none but frivolous associations; and even if criticism had still retained the stricter habit of the preceding century, the novel would not have had the gravity or the authority to engage it. And moreover, though to us it is clear that *Pamela* and *Tom Jones* were books of a new kind, their particular newness would not strike their contemporaries so distinctly; they would be understood as examples, livelier than usual, of a kind entirely

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

familiar already. But further still, the novel came at last to its own in the romantic age, when criticism had long learned what it has hardly forgotten ever since — had learned to be shy of theories and formulas and abstractions. Nobody cared for the definitions and classifications that had pleased the critic in the past; the cold question of the distinguishing mark on the various forms and kinds of literature, this could not appeal to the more fervent temper, the more personal mood, in which it befitted a man to judge a book. The academic discussion of literary principles could flourish no more; and, vigorously as the different methods of the novelist have been debated at times, the nature of the novel itself, as opposed to the older forms of fiction, has in general been neglected. And so it has gone on; and thus it has happened that the novel, as such, has missed on the whole the sort of scrutiny that would have brought out plainly and unmistakably the answer to our question — what *is* the novel?

When a critic, therefore, setting to work upon a history of the novel, has to consider how others have defined his subject, he gets no very clear or certain leading. Dr. E. A. Baker, the latest writer to find himself in this situation, examines the matter in some interesting pages of his introduction, and his conclusion is given in a formula which at any rate is not too narrowly exclusive. 'The interpretation of human life by means of fictitious narrative in prose' — this, he suggests, may be taken as a working description of what the novel essentially is. The point of the phrase is of course in the word 'interpretation'; it is by this word that Dr. Baker would differentiate the novel as we know it from the tales of earlier ages. But before looking at the word more closely, it is to be said that his definition seems too loose in one respect. It says nothing of the need of any unity, any coherent scheme, what we used to call a 'plot,' in the narrative. This is perhaps an oversight, for on another page the need is mentioned and admitted. A self-contained subject, some single controlling reason why that particular portion of life has been chosen for treatment in the novel, — a reason covering all that is within the novel and demanding no more, — must clearly be required by the definition. 'Plot' is far too narrow, if it means an intrigue of action; a novel finds its subject anywhere in the life and character of man, not only in the tangles and clashes that dramatic action must resolve. But Dr. Baker's word is not narrow enough. A kind of unity there will be, no doubt, in any man's interpretation of life; but that is his own unity, the cast of his own thought, and it will not necessarily make a novel of the tale that he tells. *Lavengro*, for example, if it were all fictitious, might be held to satisfy Dr. Baker's definition; but *Lavengro* is not a novel, nor would be if none of it were true. How, then, shall we qualify our author's phrase? 'Some aspect of human life'? 'Some subject taken from human life'? A satisfactory wording is perhaps not easily found; but it matters little; the point is clear enough.

A novelist, then, draws the portrait of an imagined piece of life, and he draws it with a particular intention. He proposes to interpret it — to expound, that is to say, some meaning that he finds in it below the surface. A certain group of people, a certain train of events, have struck his fancy; it appears to him that they are not fortuitously associated, but that there is a reason, or a complication of reasons, why the people have come together or why the events have proceeded as they have. And the reason is not immediately obvious upon

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the surface, because it exists in the character of the people, in that invisible mass of desires and motives and mental peculiarities which they carry with them through the world. You can understand what is happening, says the novelist, only if you understand the nature of the men and women who are concerned in what is happening; the mere appearances that you see with the eye are to be interpreted by reference to the unseen minds at work behind them. In other words, the art of the novelist is finally based upon the study of character, and upon nothing else. Strange incidents, peculiar manners, marvelous adventures, are to the novelist nothing in themselves; they become interesting only when they are recognized as the result and expression of something in human nature. Interpretation, therefore, is evidently the right word for his business, since the whole point of his business is that it goes beyond the mere rendering in language, so far as that is possible, of things seen. And note, moreover, that it is not the fault of the novelist if his narrative has to be 'fictitious'; it does not inhere in the nature of the novel to be fiction. If real life were not continuous everywhere, if a piece of it could be torn out and shown to be self-contained, complete in itself, the events in it all explained by the people in it, the people in it all illustrated by the events in it — then there would be no need for our definition to include the word 'fictitious.' But since the life of the world will not thus lend itself to the hand of the novelist, since any given piece of it will always hold too much and too little for his purpose, — too much that is irrelevant, too little for the full interpretation of its meaning, — the novelist is driven to invent, arranging things to suit his intention; and so he works, so to speak, from both ends of his task at once, drawing the meaning out of the life that he selects, and at the same time disposing and adapting the life of his choice to express what he wishes it to mean. And there is no limit to his freedom to invent, save only this — that since his object is to interpret the life of men and women, he must not so exaggerate it, so heighten or distort it, that we refuse to accept it as a possible life of possible men and women.

Such is the novel; and it is held that this description of it applies only to the novel of the last two centuries, not to any of the various forms of story-telling that preceded it. Is this strictly true? Can we put it as flatly as all that? Is there no interpretation, in our sense, to be found in plenty of the tales of old? There is, of course; no line can be drawn anywhere in the evolution of man's work that is absolutely hard and fast. To the literary historian, as to the novelist himself, the field of his study presents an unbroken continuity, and there is no such thing as an entirely abrupt beginning. The novel catches the eye in the most diverse times and places. Here in the reign of Nero is the *Satyricon;* there in the reign of Louis XIV is the *Princesse de Clèves.* If Anatole France and Henry James wrote novels, did not Petronius and Madame de la Fayette? And in another direction, lonely in triumph, appears *Don Quixote.* But even apart from such isolated apparitions as these, in all countries and in all ages, wherever a story has been told, the modern novelist has in some manner or degree been anticipated. And none the less it is true, as Dr. Baker says, that in our own language at any rate there is nothing earlier than Richardson, or perhaps Defoe, which answers unmistakably to our idea of a novel; and it is also true that the novel of to-day, in all its swarm, descends directly from

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the novel of the early eighteenth century and can trace no single certain line of ancestry beyond it. If we look further back, the line divides into various branches: something of the novel is found in each, the whole in none; and the historian of the novel must choose between two alternatives — to begin his history at the point where the lines all meet, or else to explore each of them separately back to its own origin, remote in the farthest distance. Dr. Baker, rejecting the first as too sudden and summary a cut into the matter, commits himself to the second.

The result, he admits, is that his present volume (two more will eventually follow it) is solely concerned with the very books that his definition of the novel was framed to exclude. That, of course, is inevitable; three hundred pages are strained, as it is, to compass a review of the huge mass of mediæval fiction, the whole of which must at least be glanced over according to the terms of his design. Here, then, after an introductory chapter on the fiction of the Greeks and Romans, we are led through Anglo-Saxon fiction to the legend of Arthur, the matter of Troy, the matter of France; and then away from romance to the tales of other kinds, the fables, the moral anecdotes, the jest-books, the yarns of travel and adventure; and the account, ending with the close of the Middle Ages, is held well in hand and illustrated with fully as much detail as was possible in the space. The only objection to be made is that Dr. Baker seems at times to forget that he proposed to write the history, not of English fiction, but of the English novel, a form of fiction that he has carefully distinguished from the rest. The main points, however, are clearly made. The novel did not exist in the Middle Ages because on the whole it occurred to no one that in human character, as we find it and know it, lies the meaning and the interest of a story of events. The story came first, and since it was not of intention grounded on the nature of men and women as they are, it had 'no settled relation to actuality,' it was no conscious interpretation of human life, it was not a novel.

And then comes the paradox that of the older fiction it is the part superficially most like the novel which has essentially the least to do with it. The storybook of the twentieth century is a novel, the storybook of the thirteenth century was a romance; each has a hero and a heroine, a narrative of events, and a happy or an unhappy ending. The one is the counterpart of the other, each occupying the other's position. And yet the likeness between them is one that precisely avoids the very point in the novel which makes it a novel. It is true that in romance there may be character-drawing, often of a very sensitive and beautiful kind; the *Morte d'Arthur* alone is enough to prove it. But the world of romance is the world in which life as we know it is evaded and transcended; it is exactly that escape which makes it romance. There is no question there of any fixed attitude toward reality; the actual is used if it is wanted, used for decoration or entertainment, but not used consistently, or with any sense of an obligation toward it. Romance has, of course, its own consistency, but it is not that of earthly life. The types of its men and women, lifelike as their expression may be at times, are generalized sentiments and qualities; if they approach nearer to individuality they are false to their world, they bring romance to the ground. All this is the antithesis of the novel, which may indeed be romantic, but is always romantic at its own risk, with the need that is on it to explain life in the idiom

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of human beings. From the mediæval romance, therefore, the novel really gets little but its general shape, the shape of a story. Each is a narrative, but the novel is a novel because it has put something into the narrative which romance of its very nature rejects.

The older and robuster epic world, in fact, is much nearer to that of the novel. In the earlier *chanson de geste* no realism is out of place or false to its kind. The men of the heroic stories, however much they may excel the stature of common folk, have their feet upon the ground and may take part in any of life's affairs. They are practical human beings, and may be as sharply individualized as they choose. But Dr. Baker will not let us pause on them for long. He is perhaps too much inclined to look for the origins of the novel only in such stories as were written, or were eventually written, in prose; and since the romances, but never the *chansons de geste*, passed duly from verse into prose, — or, more accurately, since the romantic spirit had possession of fiction before the stories began to be told in prose, — he dismisses the earlier manner, which lived and died in verse, as comparatively unimportant for his purpose. Historically he is, of course, justified; for nothing in the epic stories could reach the novel without passing through the romance; and thus whatever was dropped by romance was lost to the tradition of fiction. And for a still more cogent reason the prose stories of the Middle Ages that were nearest of all to the novel — so startlingly near it at times that it is difficult to remember the complete disconnection between them — are not even mentioned in his volume. The Icelandic sagas lie apart, entirely unrelated to the history of the novel; though it was by them, far more than by anything that figures in its history, that the novel was really anticipated. The strange and difficult dramas of passion in such stories as those of Gunnar of Lithend and Kjartan of Laxdale are treated in a vein of realism that was unknown elsewhere until modern fiction, at its greatest, came to rival it. With the sagas in mind, raising the wonder of what might have happened to the novel if they had reached France and England in their day, it is hard to turn to the prose-stuff of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries in which the seed of the novel is chiefly to be found. Perhaps Dr. Baker has felt the same; for he gives but a small fraction of his volume to the books in which something akin to a rational study of human character was developed. Certainly the *Gesta Romanorum* is a less attractive work than the stories of Hector and Arthur and Charles *à la barbe florie*; yet it is a fact, as Dr. Baker says, that the tale told by the priest for the edification of his flock had more to do 'with establishing closer relations between story-telling and actuality' — in other words, with preparing the ground for the novel that was to be — than had all the romances put together.

It is not to be expected, however, that the historian, between the great legends on one side and the small anecdotes on the other, should give the weight of his attention to the things of so much less account in themselves; and moreover it will be in his second volume, in the chapter of Elizabethan fiction, that the beginnings of realism will more naturally take the place of importance. Meanwhile we have a treatise of which a large part can hardly be called in strictness relevant to the narrower subject, the history of the novel as we know it to-day. It proves, at any rate, how little history the novel had in mediæval times, and how new a thing, when all is said, the novel really is.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A PAGE OF VERSE

AFTER RAIN

BY PAULINE HETHWAITE

[*London Poetry*]

NEW life and light in all the land,
New loveliness on every hand,
The earth rain-wet, the air rain-cool,
And down the street each little pool
A glimmering sea of Fairyland.

For, since the rain with shining feet
Danced on it, all the earth is sweet,
And everywhere new beauty gleams,
And changed into a thing of dreams
Is all the gray, unlovely street.

SAINT PETER

BY HUMBERT WOLFE

[*Kensington Gardens*]

IN Kensington Gardens this morning at seven
we met Saint Peter — if you please—
shut out (he let us know) from Heaven,
because he 'd dropped or lost his keys.

What was he doing? You 'll hardly credit
our tale. He 'd launched the largest yacht
the Round Pond ever saw, and said it
was one he 'd found there on the spot.

But Ann knew better. He had found it
where no winds ruffle sails,— thought she,—
and how could they, who stood around it,
sail it if there was no more sea?

And 'Look!' Ann said. I thought she beckoned
to someone — but no doubt the trees
misled us both, or else that second
Saint Peter must have found the keys.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

DISMISSING RICHARD STRAUSS

THE departure of Richard Strauss from the co-directorship of the Vienna Staatsoper has been accompanied by all those alarming manifestations of ordinary human irritability which it is conventional to dignify with the lofty title of 'musical temperament.' The atmosphere of the Staatsoper has been charged with electricity for months — as might have been expected when the artistic direction of a single opera-house was entrusted to two men. Roman history demonstrated that consulships rarely lead to undying friendship of the twin incumbents — and there are certain highly Roman and peculiarly consular aspects about the squabbles in the Staatsoper.

Herr Franz Schalk, an excellent director who has done no great amount of composing, was asked to accept as duumvir Herr Richard Strauss, a famous composer who had done no great amount of directing. While Austria was floundering through its financial slough of despond under the firmly guiding hand of the League of Nations, these two gentlemen were requested to keep the Opera up to its old standard — and not to spend very much money doing it. Herr Strauss had ideas about the elaborateness and frequency with which his own works should be produced. Herr Schalk also had ideas. It is discreet and strictly truthful to say that these ideas by no means corresponded. Add financial stringency, flavor to taste with 'temperament' (as previously defined), and you have the recipe for a very pretty kettle of fish.

The pot bubbled merrily, and there are wicked people who say that *Schagobers*, the 'whipped cream' ballet, which was very lavishly staged, contributed a good few of the bubbles. At length, when Strauss announced that he could no longer work with Schalk, Herr Emil Schneider, the Minister of Education, took a hand, and so — at the Minister's own request — did Regierungsrat Ludwig Karpath, a friend of the irate composer's. Together they went to Dresden, whither Strauss had retreated and where, says Herr Karpath, they sought to convince him that the adjustment of his relations with Schalk was a necessity. Strauss replied that he could no longer deal with Schalk except through the medium of his confidential friend Turnau, the First Stage Manager. Upon this the distracted mediators reminded him that though the two-director system might have obvious drawbacks, a three-director system was impossible. About this time Schalk burst out with the announcement that he had just received a new and glittering offer from the outside; and the Minister — who, in addition to his compunction about dismissing a veteran with twenty-five years' service, now had visions of his opera-house with no director at all — conceded a new contract. Strauss asserted vehemently that Schalk's powers were being increased instead of reduced.

There followed lively talk in the Opera House at Dresden,— audible to the bystanders, — a walk about the city, a pacificatory luncheon, appeals to wife and daughter-in-law. Finally

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Strauss rose with the words, 'I might as well go without a fuss. You fix it up' — sentiments which were translated into the official bulletin announcing that the co-director had retired in order to give more time to composition. The Strauss family assured Herr Karpath — who agreed — that the composer was glad to be rid of a director's burdens. Schalk reigns supreme at the Staatsoper, and no one, not even the faithful Turnau, has followed Strauss in his exit.

Julius Korngold, the critic of the *Neue Freie Presse*, who is popularly supposed to be a friend of Schalk's, suggests, in a long review of Strauss's career as director, that all composers had much better stick to their composition and leave the tribulations of directing an opera-house to others. Herr Korngold reminds his readers that even Mahler, during his last years as director, was criticized for taking a mere three days off for the sake of one of his symphonies. The critic also suggests that all musical duumvirates are dubious devices, and that the fate of this one might have been foreseen from the start. He mentions bluntly Strauss's 'excessive production of his own works, which not only reduced the sums available for other productions, but as the demand for them inevitably fell off, militated against these overproduced works themselves,' and complains that Strauss favored his own compositions by special engagements, tours, and the employment of visiting stars — 'all a result of the quite comprehensible feeling of a creative artist.'

Paul Stefan writes in the *Vossische Zeitung:* —

When Richard Strauss became co-director he was undoubtedly one of the most successful composers of his time. It would have been madness for him to expect to become primarily a director and only secondarily a composer. No one else ever accomplished such a thing. On the other hand, the authorities gave Strauss such freedom that Franz Schalk faced the prospect of becoming a kind of dummy in the opera-house which had been his for decades.

Recalling that another tempestuous Richard was once nearly called to Vienna as director, Herr Stefan ventures an appalling thought: 'What would have become of the Opera — and what would have become of Wagner?'

But Wagner never tried it.

✽

TELLTALE LETTERS OF THE GREAT

Mr. Francis Edwards, the Marylebone bookseller, is advertising a collection of autograph letters which possess special interest because of the personal light they throw upon distinguished figures in English literature. One of the most human is by Samuel Butler, who discusses the sin of lying in a by no means chastened spirit: —

I very often lie, too, but I generally have my wits about me when I do this, and it gets me out of more scrapes than into them, whereas inaccuracy being guided by no intelligence is like walking down a dark lane at night and tumbling over half a dozen posts.

There is also a letter from Charlotte Brontë which will be a bitter blow for those who think that a great writer cannot possibly combine literature with more mundane activities. The novelist reminds a friend that she is 'a country housewife and has sundry little matters connected with the needle and kitchen to attend to. . . . I try to write now and then. The effort was a hard one at first.'

Dickens writes to Miss F. M. Kelly, the actress to whom Charles Lamb proposed, the following words of counsel: 'Mind! Once more! Wherever you go, or write, go straight to the point, instead of round it.' Dickens sounds

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

very like a young man instructing a lady who was n't — but was quite old enough to have been — his grandmother.

Sir Walter Scott delivers a telling and anticipatory blow at press agents, who had not yet been invented: 'Explanations of purpose, manner, etc., which an Author makes concerning his writings, are mere *fudge*.'

✠

OUR MARINES ON THE BRITISH STAGE

MR. A. D. PALEN, dramatic critic of the *Daily Telegraph*, views the prospective English production of *What Price Glory?* with almost as much consternation as was betrayed by military and naval authorities when it was first produced in New York. But his attitude is marked not so much by indignation as by stark incredulity.

'As a picture of war, the play is ridiculous, to British eyes at any rate, and to many Americans as well,' he says. 'Accustomed as we are to stretching our imaginations in the theatre, we cannot believe that a man like Flagg could remain in command of a company for a single day. Our own Staff colonels are not in the habit of allowing a mere captain to tell them what he thinks of the Army in general and the Staff in particular, in terms more forceful than polite, as Flagg does. Nor should we expect to see our officers and N. C. O.'s getting drunk together and grappling with each other on the floor of a French *estaminet*. Several Americans have assured me that things like these did happen in the American army; one of the authors of this play was in the Marines himself. But still I am loath to believe it. Anyway, it is a matter of no great importance, for this is a play of character, not of incident. The events may be false or exaggerated, but the people are alive. Every sentence, every epigram, every joke, every swear word even, rings true. There were soldiers like this, and this is the way they would have behaved — if they had been allowed to. War and the training for war makes men like Flagg and Quirk. It makes men like Mulvaney, Ortheris, and Learoyd, too; and it still makes a modern Roland now and then. But they are safe in the hands of the romanticists, and we are not likely to be allowed to forget them. What we are likely to forget is that war is degrading because it can subject us to the sway of the worst of men, and terrible because it brings out the worst in us at least as often as it brings out the good. These are things which every one of us was telling himself seven years ago; but there is nothing which the normal human mind forgets so easily and quickly as suffering, whether mental or physical. Already, when we cast our thoughts back to the war, most of us remember only the jolly times, few and far between though they probably were. A play like *What Price Glory?* is a wholesome reminder that there was another side to the medal.'

✠

OPTIMISTIC SIR WILLIAM ORPEN

ALTHOUGH Sir William Orpen can be grimly bitter on occasion, as his fiercely satiric painting, The Unknown Soldier, showed a few months ago, he is not one of those who view modern life through dark-blue glasses; and he now announces in the columns of the *Sunday Pictorial* that modern men and women are handsomer and better than they ever were before.

It is my business in life to study faces [says Sir William]. It is also my lot in doing my job to get to know automatically what is in the mind that is behind the face, and I do not hesitate to say that there is no such thing as real beauty of face without beauty of mind. And there is a lot of both kinds of beauty about to-day.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I am not a subscriber to the view that beauty is but skin-deep, nor have I ever found 'a goodly apple rotten at the heart' that did not show some blemish on its rosy cheek to show where the worm got in.

Beauty is more than a regular bone-structure covered with healthy flesh and skin, and whether a face is a fortune or not, it is always a hallmark.

It is not by sheer coincidence that you find in one profession hundreds of faces that look as though they had been turned out by the same mould. It is not salt water that shapes the sailor's face, or courtrooms that shape the lawyer's, or preaching the parson's.

A criminal's face proclaims his vice, whether he likes it or not, as clearly as an honest man's proclaims his worth. This is no more a coincidence than the fact that pipe-smokers, from Mr. Baldwin downward, cannot keep a crease in their trousers. All faces and all appearances are shaped through an attitude of mind. As you think, so you become.

The reason which Sir William Orpen assigns for this increase in good looks is the last blow to those dismal critics who sermonize at such interminable length upon the 'wild young people' of to-day. There is more goodness in the world than there used to be, hence the abundance of good looks: —

Woman has not been left behind in the race. It may seem unfair to compare an outstanding beauty like Mrs. Siddons with the modern girl, but Miss 1924 does not suffer by the comparison. Mrs. Siddons's beauty was famous because beauty was rarer in her day. I can readily think of a dozen now who would outshine her. I see rivals for most of the other canvas beauties daily.

The average of beauty is rising, and it is rising because there is going on a steady rise in virtue. I do not use the word in any priggish sense, but for want of a better term to describe the inherent decency of instinct and goodness of mind which are evident all around us.

Exercise has improved our bodies, but it is the healthy mind that puts men and women into the sports field.

❦

MASEFIELD'S POETIC THEATRE

THE new theatre which John Masefield has built in the garden of his home at Boar's Hill, near Oxford, is to be dedicated to the cause of poetry as a dramatic medium. The increase of verse-speaking is one of the causes nearest Mr. Masefield's heart, and he has already done much for it by his successful organization of the 'Oxford Recitations,' which have drawn competitors from all parts of Great Britain.

Until Mr. Masefield's bounty provided them with a home, the Boar's Hill Players had to perform in village schoolrooms and occasionally in the college halls of Oxford. At last, however, they have not only a home but a larger stage than their temporary theatres could provide, not to mention electric lighting. In Masefield's productions poetry will be the thing, and scenery will be restricted to the simplest hangings in order to concentrate attention. The first play produced was Lawrence Binyon's *The Young King*.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE MONGREL[1]

BY HERMANN BAHR

[*The Mongrel* is a play of village life in the Styrian mountains, where trivial feuds are likely to assume monumental proportions. What wonder, then, that the play opens in the office of the local Justice, who is hearing a charge of murder. The Forester of the district is the defendant — a most impenitent defendant, for he is so angry he can hardly speak.

The Mongrel opened December 15th at the Longacre Theatre, New York.]

FORESTER (*hotly*). Why am I sent for in this way? What do you want me here for, anyway? . . . When I shoot, I know what I 'm doing, and I expect other people not to be in doubt about it either. If I were in your place, Judge, I suppose I 'd pity the poor fool too, but I 'd have said to him: 'What 's done is done, and the Forester is sure to have had a very good reason for doing it!' (*Beside himself with rage*) But to send me that piece of writing — that summons — to my house, by the Constable!! (*He pulls the summons from his pocket, crumples it into a ball, and throws it on the desk.*)

MARIE (*motionless till now, timidly asking*). Perhaps you 'll let me explain how this thing happened. If I had only come home a moment earlier! Once Father gets that temper of his up, he won't listen to anyone but me.

FORESTER (*angry, stubborn*). It would n't have made the slightest difference. I had the right on my side, and I 'd do exactly the same thing again to-morrow. I 'd like to see the man who 'd —

MARIE. Father is quite willing to pay.

FORESTER (*explosively*). Nothing of the kind!

MARIE. Why, Father! You told me yourself!

FORESTER. I would have paid! Yes, of my own free will! But if he thinks that I must pay —! Never!

JUSTICE. One thing at a time, please, Miss Marie, or we'll be here all day. (*Looking into document; very lightly*) There is a complaint before me, saying, as the plaintiff puts it, that a murder has been committed. Furthermore, the complaint states that this murder was committed by the State Forester-in-Chief, residing in this district.

FORESTER (*hotly*). That proves plainly enough, it seems to me, that the old fool is crazy.

JUSTICE (*formally*). You will be given an opportunity later, Forester, to say all you want to say. For the present I must ask you to answer my questions and no more. Do you admit that fact of the killing? Yes, or no?

(FORESTER *laughs shortly and shrugs.*)

MARIE (*quickly answering in his stead*). Of course he admits it!

JUSTICE (*underscoring a sentence in document, making note on margin*). Fact admitted. (*Reading aloud from document*) 'And this murder was committed on a dog named Sniffy, the property of Matthias Gunglbauer, highway guard and road-mender of this dis-

[1] By special permission of Warren P. Munsell.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

trict.' (*Puts document down, looks up, involuntarily smiling.*) You admit that also, I suppose.

MARIE (*laughing*). Yes, your honor.

FORESTER. No, your honor! I deny it!

JUSTICE (*with inquiring look at* FORESTER). You deny it?

FORESTER (*with dry humor*). Yes. That mongrel didn't deserve the noble name of dog.

JUSTICE. But you admit the fact?

FORESTER. I admit it.

JUSTICE. You see, Forester, if you had n't begun by losing your temper with me, I should have told you from the beginning that this complaint is ridiculous. Our laws are not yet as advanced as is our friend Matthias. The question of murder is determined solely by the number of the victim's legs. If he had two legs, it's murder; if he had four, it is n't. That makes it very simple for us judges. In this case, the most the law could call you to account for would be the willful damage to property. But since the honorable plaintiff himself —

FORESTER. I warned him a hundred times, but it was always the same story over again. . . . We had a new yard-fence built. No use! Just the day before it happened I warned him again. (*Low*) Well, as the Devil would have it, next day I caught him with Frolic, and I pulled the trigger. (*Still lower*) I'm sorry enough! (*After short pause; louder*) Of course I'll pay! (*Again with temper*) But Hias is to keep his mouth shut and not go shouting all over the village that he 'll have me arrested, the old fool! I was within my rights!

JUSTICE (*matter-of-fact*). How much are you willing to pay?

FORESTER. Whatever you think is fair, Judge.

JUSTICE. I'll have a talk with Matthias.

[The indignant Forester departs, but his daughter is detained a moment by the Justice, who finds it necessary to ask her certain 'questions.' The questions do not relate, however, to the violent taking-off of the unfortunate Sniffy, but to Marie's previous rejection of his offer of marriage.]

JUSTICE. What is there so terrible about our chatting together again now and then?

MARIE (*dryly*). There's no sense in it.

JUSTICE (*with faintly mocking smile and inflection*). Sense?

MARIE (*sharply*). It's useless. It does n't lead anywhere.

JUSTICE (*in astonished, inquiring, slightly mocking tone*). But where should it lead?

MARIE (*advancing instinctively from sofa to chair beside desk; strongly, broadly*). There's no use trying to fool yourself! You and I can't be together without its starting all over again. (*She looks at him firmly.*)

JUSTICE (*after short pause, softly questioning*). And that —?

MARIE (*in low tone but very firmly*). No.

JUSTICE (*without looking at her, softly*). I was still hoping — (*Stops, looks at her questioningly.*)

MARIE (*holds his look, shakes her head calmly; then in a very low voice*). No.

[The disconsolate Justice has scarcely swallowed this second rejection when Matthias, the plaintiff, enters, eagerly expectant of the direst legal penalties against the slaughterer of his mongrel. Old Matthias is a pathetic as well as a vindictive figure. Wife, son, and daughter have all been taken from him. His dog was all he had left to love.]

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JUSTICE. All right now, Matthias. (MATTHIAS *rises.*) Don't get up. Keep your seat. (MATTHIAS *sits down.*) The Forester is very sorry for what happened and quite willing to pay you a reasonable sum for damages sustained by you. Do you understand?

MATTHIAS (*very quietly*). But how much did he get — how long in prison — the Forester, I mean? I don't know yet how much he got.

JUSTICE (*impatiently, lightly*). You should n't be so revengeful, Hias. It is n't Christian!

MATTHIAS (*showing his difficulty in grasping the* JUSTICE'S *meaning; slowly*). Not I, no — but the murderer — he must be punished.

JUSTICE (*sharply*). Be careful, Matthias. If the Forester hears you say that and sues you, you 'll be sent up! You must n't call him such names!

MATTHIAS. There are some things they can't do to me! The murderer went too far!

JUSTICE (*seriously, but good-naturedly*). Be reasonable, Hias, and listen to me. You must n't call him a murderer. When a man shoots a dog, he does n't commit murder. A dog is n't a human being! Is n't that so?

MATTHIAS (*slowly*). Yes, that's so. But not always, it is n't so. (*His voice begins to tremble; stressing the next word strongly*) That dog — my dog — (*Sobs. Then, with hands folded, softly*) You remember him, don't you?

JUSTICE (*lightly*). Oh yes! It was n't his beauty that hurt him!

MATTHIAS (*dully*). What do I care about beauty? But — (*Nods, deeply moved, and stares before him; a pause, then he comes out of his emotional trance, sits up straight, but still as if elsewhere in thought*) Judge, your — (*Cannot recall the word 'Honor,' repeats mechanically, with an empty gesture*) your — My wife died from consumption. The girl — that way. My boy Leonhard — they sent him to prison and he died. Now Lois wants to enlist, and if they take him, he 'll be gone, too; besides, he 's not much — I can't talk with him. (*Pauses; mysteriously*) Sniffy — I could talk to Sniffy. (*Raises right forefinger. Again solemnly*) They must n't take that away from a man. If they do that — it's murder!

JUSTICE (*shrugging*). Of course, it's very sad for you, but good Lord, I can't bring your dog back to life!

MATTHIAS (*gesticulating with forefinger*). No; that's why the wrong that's been done him should be made right. Is the Forester going to get his just punishment, or is n't he?

JUSTICE. The law provides no punishment for what the Forester did.

[Old Matthias is astounded, incredulous, indignant. We find him next in the hovel where he lives with his degenerate grandson, Lois, busy preparing a 'repeal' to a higher judge. Marie steals over from her Father's house with a gift intended to console the old fellow.]

MATTHIAS (*indifferently, refusing to have his curiosity aroused*). I don't know what it is.

MARIE (*taking from the paper a small snapshot of Sniffy, and holding it up for him to see*). Look!

MATTHIAS (*gives it a first distrustful glance. As he recognizes the dog, his expression becomes grave and his hand trembles a little as he takes the picture. In a hoarse, hollow voice*). Yes!

MARIE. Do you recognize him?

MATTHIAS (*with emotion*). As if I would n't know my Sniffy. (*Holding the picture in one hand, he pulls a large blue handkerchief from his pocket with the other and loudly blows his nose.* LOIS *sits half upright, making faces and sneering at both.*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MARIE (*simply relating*). It was just the day before it happened. Father had chased him away and our Katie had poured a pail of water over him, for good measure. Poor little beast! . . . He looked so pathetic that I just had to take his picture. I ran for my camera, and in a jiffy I got him!

MATTHIAS (*looking up; very gravely*). And next day, in a jiffy, he got his!

MARIE (*quietly*). I only thought it would please you.

MATTHIAS (*with malicious intent*). I'm much obliged to the Forester, but it's no use! He don't catch me as easy as that! . . . It's too much — too much, I tell you. You all think you can do whatever you like to me, just because I'm dirt! (*Rising, slowly, heavily. Broadly*) Who ever heard me say anything — all these years? Everything I ever had — they took it all away from me. My wife — my daughter — my boy Leonhard — everything. And now on top of it all he goes and kills my Sniffy. He's the Forester. I'm nobody. Right! But enough is enough. (*Full of hate*) You can talk as sweet as you like, Miss Marie, you and (*pointing at picture*) your pictures.

MARIE (*shrugging*). If you won't listen to me — I've done my best. (*Turns to door L. briskly.*) Good-bye.

LOIS (*after a pause, pretending to talk to himself*). Grandpa'd take the cash, if he had any sense! It would n't hurt the Forester much, that's true. But money is a good thing to take any time you can get it. (*After a pause, as one would speak to persuade a child, but with a faint undertone of mockery*) Just take the money, say 'Much obliged, sir,' and keep nice and quiet — don't say a word until the whole business blows over. After a while — (*Sits up, moves to edge of berth, and fastens greedy eyes on* MATTHIAS. *Very slowly and quietly, simply relating*) after a while, first thing you know, some dark night, maybe, the Forester's house will go up in smoke. (*Utters a soft, high-voiced little laugh.* MATTHIAS *turns abruptly to* LOIS, *staring at him wide-eyed.*) Things like that happen, you know. A careless farmhand — see? Who would know anything about it? And if everything has been nice and friendly — why, it would just be God's punishment, that's all.

MATTHIAS. Oh, God! Don't make me do that! Don't make me do it!

[But the idea planted by the malicious lad in the poor, half-crazed old brain strikes deep. One evening Miss Marie is found with a rope twisted about her neck — strangled almost to death. As she lies in her father's house, slowly recovering, she strives desperately to save her unknown assailant by trying to make out that it was all an accident.]

MARIE (*quickly and nervously to the maid,* KATIE). I don't need a doctor. It was nothing. Just a fall. I missed my footing in the dark and tripped. The shock — just for a moment —

KATIE. Kasper said —

MARIE (*quickly*). What did Kasper say?

KATIE. He said somebody tried to strangle you.

MARIE (*to* KATIE). You must n't pay any attention to what Kasper says. He's just made up the thing, out of his own head. (*She starts as she sees the noose on the table beside her. Nervously*) Katie — I wish — will you — I think I will take another glass of water after all.

(KATIE *exits to kitchen.*)

MARIE. You'd better go take your nap, Aunt.

AUNT. And leave you here alone? (*There is a sharp knocking at the rear door. With a scream*) Oh! Who's that?

MARIE (*nervously*). The doctors, I suppose. Go to the door, Aunt.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(MARIE, *as soon as her aunt's back is turned, has taken up the rope and concealed it in her blouse. As* AUNT *approaches the door, it bursts violently open and the* JUSTICE *rushes into the room.*)

AUNT (*screaming*). Oh!

JUSTICE (*breathlessly*). Where's Miss Marie? Is she — Thank God, you 're safe! (*He comes down and takes her hands eagerly.*) Kasper said —

MARIE. Oh, Kasper! If you listened to all he said! I tripped and fell. And the shock made me faint — that's all!

JUSTICE. But Kasper said he found a noose!

MARIE (*quickly*). Kasper is likely to say anything. He was too frightened himself to see straight. You know how these peasants are — utterly unreliable. I don't know what he thought he saw! Probably this cord I wear all the time under my dress, with Grandmother's little gold cross. (*Seeing that the* JUSTICE *is looking around*) There's no use looking for something that exists only in Kasper's imagination. My goodness! Why make such a fuss over a thing that can happen any day to anybody! A false step in the dark!

JUSTICE (*merrily*). But I'm such a peculiar kind of judge! A human being, first of all — which is entirely against the rules. Take your — accident, now! An honest to goodness, dyed-in-the-wool judge would just pounce on it, and make a big thing of it!

MARIE (*quickly, excitedly*). But good heavens, there is n't any possibility of a case! I slipped in the dark, fell down the stone steps, and the shock made me faint!

JUSTICE (*quickly, loudly*). I know! (*Lightly, but with an edge to his tone*) I know, Miss Marie. But there's the noose that Kasper saw. If that is found —

MARIE (*without thinking, quickly, defiantly*). It won't be found! (*Catches herself up, frightened at having betrayed herself.*)

JUSTICE (*pretending not to notice; lightly*). Of course not, since as you say it exists only in Kasper's excited imagination!

MARIE (*quickly agreeing*). Of course! Poor Kasper must have been badly scared.

JUSTICE (*resuming his earlier, lightly sarcastic tone*). But don't you see? A noose! What could be more interesting? When Kasper begins to talk, as he undoubtedly will, the villagers will gobble it up. The more thrills, the better they'll like it!

MARIE (*with sudden flare of temper*). What I don't see is why I should be forced to say anything at all! Why should I, when it concerns nobody but myself?

JUSTICE (*calmly*). You 're wrong there, Miss Marie.

MARIE (*insistently*). Nobody in the world but myself!

JUSTICE (*lightly*). In fact, of course, it does concern only you, because there is no crime except in Kasper's imagination.

MARIE (*rapidly, half beside herself*). And even if it were not only in Kasper's imagination? (*Stops, rises, and half turns toward* JUSTICE. *Nervously, very rapidly*) I slipped. All the rest is fancy. But if — let 's suppose — if a crime really had been attempted against me! Whose business is it if I — just supposing — if I don't want it to be punished, for some reason or other? Is n't it my business alone?

JUSTICE (*quietly, lightly*). No. Because the matter would touch not only you, but the criminal as well.

MARIE (*with a movement toward the* JUSTICE, *in great agitation*). But if I forgive him? That makes it as right as if it had n't happened at all, does n't it? And it 's my own affair, and nobody's else, whether I forgive him or

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not! What has the law to say about it? If I, I personally, refuse to have him punished!

JUSTICE. You can't 'refuse' any such thing. It 's not only your right and privilege to have punishment meted out to him, but it 's his right and privilege as well! Every criminal is entitled to his just punishment.

MARIE (*laughing nervously*). He won't object!

JUSTICE. How do you know? Perhaps his deed weighs upon his conscience. Perhaps he 'd like to atone.

(*The rear door opens and the* DOCTOR *enters, followed by* KASPER.)

DOCTOR (*stopping in surprise*). Why you 're up and about! From what Kasper said, I thought —

KASPER (*bewildered*). She seemed like she was dead.

MARIE. What nonsense, Kasper! I tripped and fell, that 's all.

DOCTOR. But what 's this about a rope?

MARIE (*stamping her foot*). I won't have it! There was no rope or anything else. Kasper, we won't need you any longer.

KASPER (*pointing*). I put it there on the table.

MARIE. You must have been dreaming. Don't you see there 's nothing there?

KASPER. Yes, Miss Marie. (*He goes out scratching his head in bewilderment.*)

MARIE. All right, then. We won't need you any longer.

DOCTOR (*to* MARIE). Let me look at you.

MARIE. It 's not necessary. I 'm all right.

DOCTOR (*taking her pulse.*) Any bruises anywhere?

MARIE. No; nothing, I tell you. Just shock, that 's all.

DOCTOR. Yes. A few days' quiet. (*He suddenly seizes her chin and raises her head.*)

MARIE (*angrily; pulling away*). What are you doing, Doctor?

DOCTOR (*to* JUSTICE). There 's a red mark all around her throat.

MARIE (*desperately*). It 's — it 's from a dress I was wearing; it had a high collar —

DOCTOR (*to* JUSTICE). I 've done all I can do. The rest is in your department.

JUSTICE. When the time comes to —

(*The rear door opens and* MATTHIAS *enters.*)

MARIE (*with a shrill cry*). Hias!

MATTHIAS. Here I am, Judge.

MARIE (*controlling herself instantly; changing her tone to one of feverish haste and forced lightness*). You 've come just when I wanted you, Hias. I was telling the Judge about a little accident I had a while ago. He thinks someone may have tried to injure me. But you surely would have noticed if there were any suspicious characters out on the road.

MATTHIAS (*threatening in loud voice*). Don't lie!

MARIE (*shouting shrilly at him*). What are you doing here, anyhow? Go away! Did n't Father order you out of the house? You have n't any right to come here! (*Striking the table; still more loudly*) Go away! Get out of here! This minute! This minute! (*Breaks down on chair behind tea-table, exhausted; cries hysterically.*)

MATTHIAS (*sharply*). I got to see the Judge. (*To* JUSTICE) Judge, your honor, you got to arrest me. Send me to the prison, Judge. I did it. I'm the one that did it. And I got to go to the prison. What's right is right. I always tried to do what's right. Only — (*Solemnly*) an eye for an eye! That's the law of God.

JUSTICE (*to* MARIE, *ironically*). As I told you!

MARIE (*sobbing*). No! No!

MATTHIAS (*ignoring them*). Miss Marie — she — he cares for her more than anything in the world. He shot

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

my Sniffy — my Sniffy! He was all I had — everything! If he had a right to shoot my Sniffy — if the law gives him the right, then I've got a right to — An eye for an eye. It's in the Bible. Only — only — I could n't do it. When I pulled the rope — I — I could n't pull it tight. She — she's a good girl. And if — if I did it, what good would it do me? My Sniffy — it would n't bring him back. (*Bitterly*) The Forester — he did n't get his punishment. But now it's my turn. Take me to the prison, Judge.

JUSTICE (*to* DOCTOR, *satirically*). Doctor, this seems to be in your department.

DOCTOR (*astonished*). My department! (MARIE *listens in bewilderment, only gradually realizing the* JUSTICE'S *intention.*)

JUSTICE. Yes. Taking care of the sick — that's your department, is n't it? So I understood you to say.

DOCTOR. But in the face of this confession —

JUSTICE. Confession? What are you talking about? Has n't Miss Marie explained everything? She slipped in the dark and fell.

DOCTOR. You mean to imply that what he 's been saying —

JUSTICE. Hallucination, my dear fellow. Pure hallucination. A low-grade mentality, further disordered by alcohol, confusing fancy with reality.

DOCTOR. But I tell you —

JUSTICE (*To* MATTHIAS). You go with the Doctor, Hias. He 'll take you home and put you to bed and give you something for that head of yours.

MATTHIAS (*struggling for expression*). No — no, Judge! I guess I did n't explain it right. Miss Marie — I tried to — on account — I got to be punished!

JUSTICE. You see, Doctor? Obviously deranged! He wants to go to prison.

DOCTOR (*brusquely*). Come along, Hias.

JUSTICE (*after he has gone, half-sneeringly*). Good day, my fellow humanitarian! (MARIE *comes forward and, seizing his hand impulsively, kisses it. Startled*) Why, really —

MARIE (*effusively*). You 're a good man — a good man!

JUSTICE (*ironically*). Thanks for the tribute. I 've probably earned it at the cost of my job. If this story gets to the Minister of Justice! And all for a worthless old rascal who 's never been a bit of good to anyone.

MARIE. Don't be so sure of that!

JUSTICE. What do you mean by that?

MARIE. Perhaps — perhaps he 's been the means — of — you and me —

JUSTICE (*incredulously*). Marie! Are you in earnest?

MARIE. It 's — it 's opened my eyes. I 've — I 've wronged you all these years. I 've never understood you — until just now.

JUSTICE (*happily*). Then — (*He takes her in his arms and kisses her.*)

MARIE (*pushing him away*). And now go away. I want to rest. (*She extends her hand*) To-morrow!

JUSTICE (*light-headedly*). Yes. To-morrow! Meanwhile I 'll go climb all the mountains in the neighborhood. I always did like this place!

(*He puts on his hat at a jaunty angle, thrusts his hands into his pockets like a schoolboy and goes out, whistling merrily.* MARIE *looks after him a moment and then sinks into a chair, laughing and crying happily.*)

CURTAIN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

Through Thirty Years, by Wickham Steed. London: Heinemann; Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Co., 1924. $7.50.

THE furore roused in the daily press by Mr. Wickham Steed's assertion in his new book, *Through Thirty Years*, that during one specially stormy dispute at the Peace Conference Mr. Lloyd George so far forgot himself as to seize M. Clemenceau by the collar, and that President Wilson had to intervene to keep peace, has attracted attention to the new book on every side, but it has withdrawn attention from scores of other passages quite as interesting and vastly more important.

Compared with all the fuss that has been made over it, the actual passage descriptive of the alleged scuffle is by no means alarming. It occurs on page 330 of the second volume, and is as follows: —

> The Council of Four was thus reduced to a Council of Three. In the meantime, fresh trouble arose between the Chinese, the Japanese, and the Americans over the Shantung question, and further contestations between the Belgians and the Allies over the question of Belgian priority in regard to reparation payments, and the Belgian claims to Dutch Limburg. Between Clemenceau and Lloyd George there was also a scene in the Council of Three, Clemenceau accusing Lloyd George so flatly of repeated inaccuracy of statement that Lloyd George rose, seized him by the collar, and demanded an apology. After Wilson had separated them, Clemenceau offered Lloyd George reparation with pistols or swords, — as soon as he should have acquired a domicile in Paris, — and, in the meantime, refused to apologize.

As both Mr. Lloyd George and M. Clemenceau have denied the accuracy of Mr. Steed's story, and as he cannot claim actually to have seen the encounter, their statements have to be accepted, though the British press — remembering the famous occasion at Genoa when Mr. Steed got himself disavowed and was later shown to be substantially correct — is not unanimously agreed that he is entirely mistaken this time, though naturally no one dares go further than veiled hints. Crawfurd Price says in the *Sunday Times* that the story of the scuffle is 'rather difficult to swallow.' The *Observer* anticipates further trouble, because 'from end to end the book crackles and sparks with controversy of one kind or another. Its author will have to meet an arrow-flight of replies.'

Controversies over accuracy — inevitable when one writes of matters so debatable as modern statecraft — are quite familiar to Mr. Wickham Steed. An interview given out while he was in America with Lord Northcliffe, describing royal interference in the Irish crisis, led to a terrifying turmoil. Mr. Steed was disavowed — but later His Majesty suggested that the final adjustment was due to royal initiative. At Genoa the Steed version of M. Barthou's conversation with Mr. Lloyd George stirred up a mighty rumpus. Again Mr. Steed was disavowed — but later Pertinax backed him up.

It will not do, then, to dismiss Mr. Steed too casually — and in any case the squabbles of prime ministers are of no great importance, since prime ministers are always squabbling over something. Mr. Steed's book, however, is tremendously interesting and tremendously important because it is, as the author himself says in his preface, 'a story of international public life in the past thirty years.'

The book is given the form of an autobiography, although it is more nearly a secret history of international affairs by one of the best informed of living journalists than an account of the writer's life. Mr. Steed's own career is nothing but the cord joining the beads in the necklace, and the beads are a series of illuminating anecdotes, genuine revelations, and shrewd interpretations for which one may seek in vain in the solemn official histories. Mr. Steed himself says of his book: 'Its justification is that, as far as I am aware, no other writer or journalist enjoyed, during that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

period, quite the same opportunities as those that good fortune gave me to observe men and things in and beyond Europe.'

The story begins with university days. As a very young man Mr. Steed entered business, but having speedily discovered that he had no taste for finance he determined to prepare himself for journalism by thorough study in France and Germany. He sought the advice of W. T. Stead and in 1892 left England for Jena. Here he devoted himself to economics and philosophy and showed his talent for his future trade by scoring a thirty-six-hour beat over all London papers with a story of an important address by Bismarck. Though he would gladly have remained in Germany to receive his doctor's degree, Mr. Steed knew 'that presently I should have my living to earn, and that a knowledge of French and of France would be at least as valuable as a knowledge of Germany and German.' To France therefore he went, and began his studies at the University of Paris in 1893. In 1895, when President Casimir-Perier retired, Mr. Steed interviewed both Clemenceau and Millerand for the *Westminster Gazette*. He had little luck with Clemenceau, but his interview with Millerand caught the eye of newspaper men in London, and he was asked to contribute regularly to the *New York World*. The young student had begun his life's work.

Mr. Steed gives a long and detailed analysis of the gradual growth of anti-English feeling in Germany. So closely was he in touch with German popular, political, and military thought, that he felt perfectly sure as early as 1908 of the German invasion of Belgium. In this, of course, he was not alone, but the fact shows at least the extent of his foresight. So intimately was Mr. Steed in touch with European affairs that he became confidential adviser on many occasions to King Edward.

During the Russo-Japanese war he sent confidential bulletins to the King on the battle of Liao-Yang, thereby falling foul of the redoubtable Moberly Bell, manager of the *Times*, an incident which he thus describes:—

From the Royal Yacht at Flushing I presently received a note conveying the 'Duke of Lancaster's' thanks and saying that I had invariably beaten the news from the Foreign Office by thirty-six hours. In my innocence, I thought the *Times* would be pleased with this testimonial to the efficiency of its foreign service; and I sent it to Mr. Moberly Bell, the manager, together with a bill for the few pounds I had spent on telegrams to the King. Instead I got a sharp reprimand. 'Albert Edward,' it ran, 'ought to have paid for the telegrams himself. If they offer you the Victorian Order, mind you find a way of refusing it.' Whereunto I made answer that, if an M. V. O. were thrown at my head, I should duck and let it hit the manager in the chest; and that, for the rest, his injunction was quite unnecessary since I had never accepted, nor should accept, any honor or decoration from any government, British or foreign, as long as I wielded a pen.(1)

Later he was repeatedly summoned by the King to give confidential advice, and he pays high tribute to the unassuming but indispensable share that the King played in the foreign affairs of Great Britain:—

The political conversations which I had with King Edward in August 1909 made upon me an abiding impression. His grasp of the fundamentals of European politics was greater than that of any contemporary statesman whom I had met. His care for Europe was almost paternal. It sprang from knowledge, acquired chiefly by personal experience and observation, and from an ever-present sense that, though England was the heart and head of the British Empire, she was, and must increasingly be, an essential part of Europe. Had anyone called King Edward a philosopher he would have smiled; but no public man, certainly no monarch of recent times, has surpassed him in the practical philosophy of statecraft.

In January 1904, while Mr. Steed was upon a short visit to Rome, he called upon Donna Laura Minghetti, the mother-in-law of Count von Bülow, then German Imperial Chancellor, where he picked up some inside information on the German attitude toward Russo-Japanese relations.

Donna Laura's drawing-room had long been a centre of international politics. Despite her age, the vivacity of her intelligence and the

(1) Extracts copyright by Doubleday, Page & Co.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pungency of her wit were undiminished. With her son-in-law Count Bülow, or 'Bernhard' as she called him, she was in constant correspondence; and German diplomatists in Rome were naturally at her feet. When I called upon her toward the middle of January 1904 she welcomed me warmly, and exclaimed, 'Well, what about the war?'

'Which war?' I asked. 'War in the Balkans or war in the Far East?'

'In the Far East, of course,' she replied. 'The Balkans don't matter.'

'Have the Russians accepted the Japanese terms?' I inquired, for I had been out of touch with current events for some days.

'No, certainly not,' answered Donna Laura, 'and they are not going to.'

'Then,' I said, 'it will be war at the beginning of next month.'

'You are totally wrong,' she returned. 'You *Times* people ought to be better informed. The Japanese are merely bluffing and they will give in at the last moment. See what Bernhard writes.'

Taking from her bag a letter she had just received from the German Imperial Chancellor, she read it to me. It made fun of the fears of war she had apparently expressed to him and added that the Japanese would never stand up to Russia. The German Ambassador in Tokyo, it went on, had reported that the Japanese were merely trying to get all they could, but that when they saw that Russia would stand no nonsense they, like good Orientals, would give way. He, the German Chancellor, had taken care to let the Russians know this.

'I am sorry to disagree with your distinguished son-in-law,' I said, 'but it is he who is totally wrong. If the Russians do not come to terms with Japan by the end of this month there will be war early in February. That is why I am here — to get a holiday before it comes; and that is why I shall leave Rome on January 31, so as to be back in Vienna when hostilities begin.'

In her lively way, Donna Laura assured me that I was quite mad and that I ought to wear a strait-jacket instead of running loose in the world. Then she asked me to dinner — where I had the pleasure of hearing the eminent Italian-Jewish authority on finance, Luigi Luzzatti, defend the Vatican, while Monsignor Duchesne, the historian of the early Christian church, denounced Vaticanism, Jesuitism, and Clericalism in general. On January 31 I left Rome for Budapest by way of Ancona and Fiume. At Fiume I stayed forty-eight hours to look at the Whitehead Torpedo factory, which was managed by an Englishman who, for quiet determination and efficiency, might have been the hero of a Jules Verne story. Speaking of the impending war, he said softly, 'I know nothing about the Japs on land, but on sea they will win. They were here, buying torpedoes. They looked into every corner of the works, understood how delicate a machine a torpedo is, and then ordered 1400 at £400 apiece. Before they took delivery they sent here the smallest officer in their navy, a little chap not more than four feet high and so thin that he could crawl into the compressed-air chamber of every torpedo to see whether the engine was working well.

'The Russians also sent a number of naval officers. They inspected the factory superficially, and ordered twelve torpedoes which, they said, would serve as models. The rest would be made in Russia. Now it has taken me years to get together and train 900 first-class Croat workmen to the point of skill that is needed to make a torpedo. The war will be over long before the Russians can make one torpedo that will work. They are sure to be beaten on sea.'

A little more than a year later he records three vivid scenes which took place in Vienna as the war was drawing to a close: —

On Saturday, May 27, 1905, I called upon the imperturbable Japanese Minister, Baron Makino, whose brother was on Admiral Togo's staff. For the first time in an acquaintance of several years — for he had been Minister in Rome before his appointment to Vienna — I found him nervous and worried. The Russian Baltic fleet under Admiral Rozhdestvensky — whose attack on British trawlers off the Dogger Bank, in October 1904, had almost brought on war between England and Russia — was nearing Japanese waters, and a decisive naval engagement was known to be imminent. 'My brother writes,' said Makino, 'that Togo's hair has recently gone white with anxiety. It is a terrible moment. If the Russians cut our communications by sea, our army in Manchuria (the Japanese had won the battle of Mukden and compelled the Russians again to retreat in March) would be endangered and the whole war might be lost.' After all, I reflected, the Japanese are human.

Next evening, Sunday, May 28, I was about to attend a dinner at the Hotel Bristol to which the First Secretary of the Russian Embassy had invited his friends, when I heard by telephone that Togo had annihilated Rozhdestvensky's fleet that morning off Tsushima. As I entered the room where the guests were assembled, the Duke of Teck, then British military attaché, and Prince Charles Kinsky asked if there were any news. I told them in a whisper, and we agreed to say nothing for the sake of our host and hostess. But I felt uneasy as the dinner went merrily on and some guests toasted the victory of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Russian fleet in advance. Toward eleven o'clock a rumor spread that it had been destroyed. Then the guests melted away.

The news was not officially confirmed even next morning, May 29. On that day the Belgian Minister, Baron de Borchgrave, was entertaining at luncheon a large number of his diplomatic colleagues and friends, including the British and French Ambassadors and Baron Makino, the Japanese Minister. De Borchgrave, who was the soul of hospitality and a great gourmet, thought it a mortal offense if any of his guests came late; and I had always tried to be punctual at his feasts. Toward one o'clock, when I should have been starting for the Belgian Legation, I was, however, kept at the telephone hearing the official details of the Japanese victory. Consequently I found my host at the door of his drawing-room fuming at my unpunctuality. By way of apology I said I had been detained by important news. He beckoned the French and British Ambassadors to hear it; and when I had told them he shouted to Makino, who was at the other end of the room, 'Here is great news for you. Togo is completely victorious.' Makino came forward slowly, saying, 'Yes, I had an official telegram at nine this morning.'

'And you have been here for twenty minutes and have told us never a word!' roared Borchgrave. '*Quel homme! quel homme!*' He would have been even more astonished if he had seen this same Makino nervous and depressed forty-eight hours before.

In 1909 an odd conversational slip by the Jesuit father-confessor of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand enabled Mr. Steed to announce in the *Times* that the danger of war caused by the 'annexation crisis' when Austria-Hungary seized Bosnia-Herzegovina was definitely over. The Russian and Austro-Hungarian armies were already partly mobilized, and the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, who was then Commander-in-Chief, was about to start for his headquarters when the German Emperor proposed that his troops should garrison Galicia and part of Bohemia as a warning to Russia that any attack upon Austria-Hungary would mean war with Germany also. The Archduke was inclined to approve the plan, but the shrewd old Emperor reminded him that, while it would be easy to bring the Germans in, it might be very hard to get them out. It was therefore decided to avoid war with Serbia at that time, and this decision was made not later than March 19, 1909. The Germans, learning that there would be no war in any case, promptly presented an ultimatum to Russia in order to gain credit for having supported Austria-Hungary. Mr. Steed, however, had known for four days that there was no longer danger of war.

On March 19 [he writes] I had invited an Italian priest to take tea with me. He had been preaching the Lenten sermons in the Franciscan Church at Vienna and had brought a letter of introduction from a mutual friend who was one of the most eminent preachers in Italy. He came nearly an hour late and apologized for his unpunctuality. 'I have only just got away from the Nunciature,' he said. 'To-day, March 19, is the feast of Saint Joseph, the Pope's nameday, and the Nuncio gave a luncheon in honor of His Holiness. The luncheon was for one o'clock, but we had to wait a long time for one of the principal guests, Father Fischer, the Jesuit who is the Archduke Francis Ferdinand's confessor. It was past two o'clock when he arrived, so everything was an hour late. It seems that Father Fischer had been kept by the Archduke at the Belvedere' (the Archduke's Palace).

'So the Archduke has not yet gone to the front?' I observed. 'I thought that, after his visit to Aehrenthal yesterday, he had already started for the Southern Army headquarters in Hungary?'

'No' answered the priest, 'and it seems that he is not going. When Father Fischer turned up, the Nuncio said to him "Well, Padre, I suppose it is war?" "No" said Father Fischer, "it is peace. Everything is changed. The Archduke told me this morning that there will be no war."'

In December 1913 the correspondent was put in temporary charge of the Foreign Department of the *Times*, and next month was made permanently foreign editor. He attended the trial of Colonel von Reuter, the officer commanding the Prussian garrison at Zabern in Alsace, which formed a sequel to the trial of the young German officer who used his sabre on a crippled corporal. The whole affair seemed to the English journalist an evident German attempt to stir up France and create a favorable pretext for war. Toward the middle of July 1914 he spent an evening discussing the Serbian crisis with a group of Austrian diplomats. During the course of conversation he asked several embarrassing questions. Was it not true that the Archduke was threatened by insanity?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Was not his death welcome to the governing classes in Vienna? Why had he not been better protected against assassination?

Next morning, Saturday, July 18, Count Dubsky telephoned to me from the Austro-Hungarian Embassy. He gave me a pressing invitation from the Ambassador, Count Albert Mensdorff, to come to luncheon with him that day, saying that the Ambassador was very anxious to discuss the situation with me. Had the King invited me to luncheon at Buckingham Palace I should have been less astounded. Though I had known Count Albert Mensdorff since 1904 and had met him casually from time to time, I had never cultivated his acquaintance, nor had I ever called at the Austro-Hungarian Embassy. Moreover, in April 1914, the Austrian police had suddenly confiscated my book, *The Hapsburg Monarchy*, for 'the crime of insult to Majesty,' on the ground that in it I had said that Francis Joseph, as a ruler, had often seemed callous to the point of cynicism and 'constitutional' to the point of injustice. The word 'cynicism' had been translated into German by the much stronger expression *Zynismus*, and my book had been condemned. It was obviously difficult for an English writer guilty of this 'crime' to maintain close relations with the Emperor's representative in London.

Yielding to a foolish impulse, I declined the Ambassador's invitation to luncheon. Count Dubsky asked me to wait at the telephone and presently returned to inquire whether I could lunch with the Ambassador on Sunday, July 19. This insistence made me think that the Ambassador was eager to 'get hold of me,' or to 'placate' me by a luncheon — and I was not in a mood to be placated. So, again foolishly, I told a lie, said I was going into the country and should not be back till Monday. 'Wait a minute,' replied Count Dubsky; and a minute later he returned to say that the Ambassador would be very glad if I would come to luncheon with him on Monday. 'No,' I answered, 'I have people lunching with me on Monday' — which was true. 'Then the Ambassador wants you to come on Tuesday,' was the answer; and this time I accepted because I felt that there must be some imperative reason for Count Albert Mensdorff's persistence in the face of three rebuffs.

Thus I lost three precious days, and have never ceased to regret it. On Tuesday, July 21, I lunched alone with the Ambassador and Baron von Frankenstein, the Commercial Attaché. During luncheon, the conversation ran on King Edward, — of whom Count Albert Mensdorff was a distant relative, — on Marienbad and on reminiscences generally. But after luncheon, in his study, Count Albert Mensdorff said: —

'Although our people have been so foolish as to confiscate your book, which they did not understand, I know you are a friend of Austria and that you are too high-minded to let your feelings be affected by an incident of that sort — and I wish to appeal to you, as a friend of Austria, to use your influence in the British press to make the position of Austria-Hungary in this crisis rightly understood. It is impossible for us longer to tolerate Serbian provocation. Serbia must be punished; but if the *Times* will give the lead the rest of the press will follow, British public opinion will remain friendly to us, and the conflict may be localized.'

'I am a friend of Austria,' I answered, 'and have proved it by warning your people for years that your policy has been fatally wrong. I can only say that I am too good a friend of Austria to help her to commit suicide.'

'Suicide!' exclaimed the Ambassador. 'Do you think that we, a country of 50,000,000, are so weak as not to be able to deal with a little people of three or four millions like the Serbians?'

'You can certainly crush Serbia,' I replied, 'if you are left alone to do it; but even in that case you will be committing suicide. You must reckon on a war of eight or nine months; you will be obliged to mobilize at least 600,000 men; you will lose some 200,000 killed and wounded, and will spend not less than £120,000,000. That will complete the ruin of your finances. You are not unaware that Austria alone has, on the confession of your Finance Minister, been making debts at the rate of £40,000 a day for the last ten years. Taxation is already so high that it cannot be increased. I have paid taxes in Austria and I know. When you have conquered Serbia, you will be confronted with the problem of a costly military occupation, which will require an army of 200,000 men; and, should you annex the country, you will create a solid block of 12,000,000 Southern Slavs, whose weight will so upset the Dual System that, in order to keep her hold on you, Germany will demand and obtain such military, political, and economic pledges of control over you that your independence will vanish.

'But that,' I continued, 'is *not* what will happen. At the first shot you fire across the Save, Russia will cry, "Hands off!" Germany will summon Russia not to intervene, and Russia will refuse, because compliance would cost the Tsar his throne. Germany will then mobilize, and will bolt through Belgium into France; and when England sees German troops in Belgium, she will intervene against Germany and against you.'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'You will never intervene,' cried the Ambassador.

'We shall certainly intervene,' I returned.

'I have the assurance that you will not intervene,' replied Count Mensdorff.

'I care nothing for your assurance,' I answered. 'You do not know the strength of English public feeling.'

'Then you will not help us?' said Count Mensdorff.

'On no account whatever,' I answered; and took leave of the Ambassador immediately.

For a moment I stood on the steps of the Embassy wondering what to do. One thing was clear. Austria-Hungary had decided to attack Serbia. This she would not have done without a definite promise of German support; nor would Count Albert Mensdorff have insisted upon my lunching with him after the language I had used to members of his staff on the Friday evening had he not received definite instructions to get hold of me at all costs.

Feeling perfectly sure that this meant war, Mr. Steed went straight to the Foreign Office and asked to see Sir Edward Grey, who happened to be receiving the Japanese Ambassador. Mr. Steed therefore told a prominent official of the conversation that had just taken place and asked him to warn Sir Edward that Austria meant war and was supported by Germany, adding that 'if the Government wished to prevent war, they must rouse the country and make it clear that, if European complications arise, England will intervene. Unless they do so, they will have a terrible crisis on their hands in ten days' time and will not know on which leg to dance because they will not be sure of the country which knows nothing of what is going on.'

Mr. Steed was warned that Sir Edward Grey would not take this view, but nevertheless immediately began a series of articles in the *Times* supporting his own opinion, which turned out to be tragically correct.

The merit and importance of Mr. Steed's book has been instantly recognized abroad. The *Times Literary Supplement*, as uncompromisingly intellectual in its verdicts as any review in Great Britain, declares that 'we have here not merely, as in so many reminiscences, a mere collection of anecdotes and disconnected episodes, but a real book: one which is an important contribution, not only to information, but also to the thought of the time.'

The *Observer* says: —

To follow the book through its hundreds of pages — written with an admirable clarity and precision of style, swift in narrative, acute in portrayal, skillful in the disentanglement of intricate affairs, vibrating with actuality, as the phrase goes — is like living over again, day by day, the play of events through our generation.

The *Manchester Guardian* praises the book highly and says that Mr. Steed 'emerges from his book as a man who has enjoyed every episode of his life and who is satisfied that he has fought a good fight.'

The *Daily Telegraph* says: —

Mr. Steed has many more years before him, we trust, in which to add to the singularly rich experience recorded in these pages. But if he never wrote again he would have left in this book a monument of high-minded devotion to journalism, as he understood it — 'a means of working out a philosophy of life, a chance to help things forward on the road if thought right . . . a daily interpretation of events in a self-constituted wardenship of the public interests.'

Hugh MacGregor, writing in the London *Review of Reviews*, now edited by the author himself, calls *Through Thirty Years* 'an authoritative contribution to present-day history,' and adds that it is distinguished from other books of the same sort by the author's first-hand knowledge, special training as an observer, and brilliance as a writer. Crawfurd Price, in the *Sunday Times*, calls his former colleague's book 'a vastly interesting story,' but complains that sometimes 'Mr. Steed trespasses just a little upon our credulity.'

*

In Paris a reviewer for *Figaro* observes that 'Certainly few men have been so well placed as the former editor of the *Times* to keep in touch with international politics from the inside, before, during, and since the war.'

*

BOOKS MENTIONED

BAKER, ERNEST A. *The History of the English Novel.* London: Witherby, 1924. 16*s*.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COMING EVENTS ABROAD

TOURISTS who did not visit the Wembley Exposition this fall will welcome the news that it is to be reopened next spring, probably about May 1. Among the interesting events in England during the month of February will be the Oxford and Cambridge soccer match at Queen's Club and a series of horse shows at the Agricultural Hall, Islington.

February events in France are concentrated, as might be expected, in Paris and along the Riviera. A number of interesting art-expositions are scheduled. The Galerie Druet is exhibiting the work of modern painters and sculptors throughout the month. The Galerie Joseph Billiet is showing the work of Marguerite Crissay until February 18, and of the American artist George Biddle from February 19 to March 10. The Effort Moderne announces a show of paintings by Georges de Chirico until February 8. During the first half of the month the Galerie J. Allard will show paintings by Jean Challié, including Jura landscapes, while the Galerie Simonson will have an exhibit of Norman artists until February 9, and another by the Société Internationale de la Gravure en Noir until February 25. Different in nature, but not without its interest, will be the international poultry-show from February 11 to 16. There will be an exhibition of illuminating methods by the Enterprise Générale des Décorations Modernes.

Cannes will be a whirl of festivities throughout the month. The Métropole Lawn Tennis Club is holding a tournament from January 26 to February 1, followed by another at the Nice Club from the second to the eighth, and by a third at the Carlton Lawn Tennis Club from the ninth to the fifteenth. Championship matches will be played at the Beaulieu Club on the sixteenth and twenty-second. There will be horse races at La Napoule on February 3, 5, and 8, and carnival fêtes on the fifteenth, twenty-second, and twenty-fourth. Nice will have a great open tournament at the Nice Lawn Tennis Club from the second of February to the eighth, and there will be carnivals, organized by the Comité des Fêtes et des Sports, on February 12, 15, and 19, and a Bal Louis XV on a date in February not yet announced. On February 14 the Bal de la Société de Secours aux Blessés Militaires will be given. On February 22 there will be a procession of floats and a confetti battle ending in a masquerade ball at the municipal Casino. February 23 there will be a Grand Bal Populaire on the Place Masséna, and a general illumination. February 24, a carnival procession, a second veglione, and a dance at the Opera House, followed on the twenty-sixth by a second battle of flowers. Between February 22 and March 7 there will be a series of automobile events, including the finish of the Paris to Nice race, a race on the Turbie Hill, and an automobile show. The first battle of flowers will take place at Menton on February 17, to be followed by carnivals February 19, 22, and 24. International sailing regattas will begin February 26 and continue until March 4.

During February there will be an automobile week at Hyères-les-Palmiers, — exact dates not yet fixed, — an international croquet tournament, a gymkhana, veglione, and flower fête. In Monte Carlo championship matches will begin at La Festa Lawn Tennis Club February 23, continuing for the rest of the month.

Winter sports will be in full swing in Switzerland throughout February. At Davos, the international skating contests are scheduled for January 21 to February 1, including the Ladies' World Championship. At Engelberg there will be the usual winter sports, including hockey, curling, and skating competitions, in which various challenge-cups are offered. At Gstad the annual horse show on snow is announced for February 7 and 8. An international shooting match takes place at Kandersteg February 18. There will be an ice gymkhana at Les Avants on February 17. Winter sports at St. Moritz during the first half of February will include the curling matches for the Switzerland championship, and various challenge-cups for bobsleigh, toboggan, skating, and curling competitions. The bobsleigh Derby and sleigh race for the Olavegoya Cup are scheduled for February 20, and the Grand National for toboggans on the Cresta Run takes place on the twenty-fifth simultaneously with curling matches for various cups. Ice and ski festivals are announced for Zuoz in the middle of February, and curling matches at Adelbaden and Bergün (February 17). There will be a masked ball at Berne on the twenty-first.

Events in Italy during the month of February will include carnivals at Palermo; an International Sample Fair at Milan; automobile racing at Brescia; and an International Golf Tournament at Brioni. There will be fêtes and carnivals on various dates in February, not yet announced, at San Remo, Abbazia, Rome, Florence, and Milan.

In Japan there will be the annual formal practice in jujutsu from early in January until February 4, but the event of chief interest will be the state ceremony of Kigensetsu, commemorating the accession of the Emperor Jimmu, on February 11.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"The Republican Victory — What Shall We Do With It?" by Senator William E. Borah.

"Mesocracy in France — the Dictatorship of the Middle Class" by Albert Guérard.

"The President" by Edward Bok.

"Who Own the Railroads?" by Edmund A. Whitman.

"Letters of a Bourgeois Father to His Bolshevik Son" by Edwin Dial Torgerson.

* * *

Sounds like a symposium on politics and society, doesn't it?

* * *

Well, it has all the virtues of such.

But it is a list of only a few of the features in the January number of Scribner's Magazine. And, aside from abstract political and social ideas, they have definite connection with you, your life, and your environment.

* * *

Consider these things:

Your own father and how you and he got along together — and read Mr. Torgerson's story:

The individuals who sit in the President's chair — and read Mr. Bok's "The President":

* * *

If parties mean nothing to you, at least, government does. Senator Borah's article is a programme of government.

You have ridden on a railroad, so read Mr. Whitman's article.

And if you wonder whether form of government means anything anyway, Mr. Guérard's article particularly fills the bill.

* * *

And after you have grazed in these pastures, attend a prize fight with Lawrence Perry and talk with him on the significance of professional boxing and its phenomenal growth in the few years since a championship contender had to borrow ten cents for ferry fare to the scene of combat.

* * *

Or listen to Paul van Dyke on the subject of American college boys — and French ones.

And Frederick E. Bolton on machine-made education.

* * *

Accompany Royal Cortissoz through the New American Wing of the Metropolitan Museum and hear what he says on the spirit of early America as there indicated.

* * *

And, whether sick or well, read Harrison Rhodes's "How to Be Ill" — a painful subject treated in happy fashion.

* * *

But, if your mind turns to fiction and makers of fiction this evening, then the January Scribner's Magazine again answers the call, for there are, in addition to the Torgerson story, Sidney Howard and his "Such Women as Ellen Steele," Thomas Boyd and his "The Kentucky Boy," William Lyon Phelps's "As I Like It."

And, by no means least, John Galsworthy's reminiscences of Joseph Conrad, a fine and intimate story of the friendship between these two famous and popular writers.

* * *

For every evening that remains between now and the time that the February number of Scribner's Magazine appears there is a feature in the January Scribner's Magazine to read.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED